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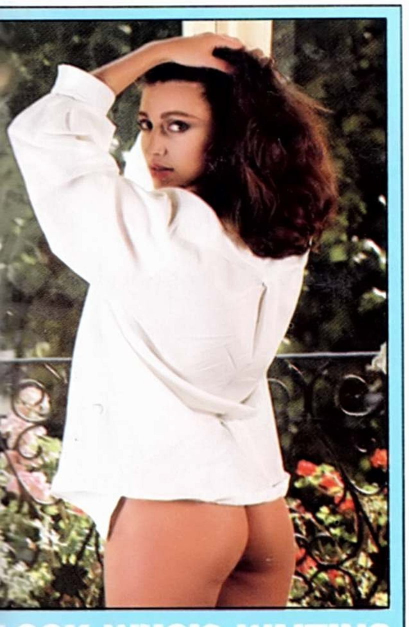
AUSTRIA AS 65, SWITZERLAND
Francs 6.2, GERMANY DM 16,
NETHERLANDS Gld 9.9, SPAIN Ptas 700

INTERNATIONAL
club

.50 PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND
OLUME 17 NUMBER 1

HAPPY NUDE YEAR!



LOOK WHO'S WAITING FOR YOU ON PAGE 60!

SINK THE PINK!

SNOOKER NUDIE NUTS ARE WE!

NUTCRACKER!

SEXY BALLERINA BARES ALL

MORE GIRLS THAN ANY OTHER MAGAZINE

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WHEN IN FRANCE BUY FRENCH CLUB, OUR NEW MEGA GROOVY STABLEMATE

PUBLIE·PAR·PAUL·RAYMOND

CLUB POUR HOMMES

RUGBY: LES FRASQUES DU TOURNOI DES CINQ NATIONS

DEF LEPPARD: QUEL CIRQUE!

FRANCINE ET MARGO: DES CHATTES ET DES SOURIS

MA VILLE NATALE: NANTES

10,00DM Pays-Bas 10,25fl Espagne Pts 650

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WHEN IN FRANCE BUY FRENCH CLUB, OUR NEW MEGA GROOVY STABLEMATE

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Editor: Stephen Bleach
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TEASE!

THIS · MONTH · IN · CLUB

Attention, all those beef bayonets out there just waiting for a cut of the action! Control yourselves for one little moment while we introduce the fare we're dishing up for you in this month's Club. And what an issue we've got in store for you this time! After last month's pics of Lu Varley revealing *all* her talents, you thought it couldn't get any better, but you couldn't be more wrong, brother.

This time we've got an even more titillating bevy of luscious beauties just gasping for your attentions. On page 11 we start as we mean to go on, with Rowena displaying the joys of nature, while on page 44 the nubile Becky bares her soul . . . and everything else as well. Well worthy of the centrespread, we'd say. And as if that isn't enough, tune in to Emma on page 24 for some really sizzling (we are talking *hot*!) operating.

If all the excitement hasn't proved too much for you so far, then a taste of Nikki's letters is guaranteed to push you right over the edge. This issue we've brought these out by popular request in a new, regular feature, and all we can say is – they're hotter than a whore's drawers in a heatwave! Nikki is one of our revered Deputy Ed's special favourites, so he's been slobbering over the letters for weeks . . . as you will be!

And another major lip-smacking feature of this issue is the triumphant return of your old favourite Linzi Drew. Yes, the girl you love to love couldn't wait to get involved in some two-girl action just for Club readers, and the breathtaking results are revealed on page 56. Our coup not only shows Linzi, but her rather tasty pal as well – definitely the horniest pics we've treated you to in many moons. Just go and see for yourselves: we don't think you'll be disappointed.

And last but not least – just to show we're not *entirely* concerned with tits and all the other bits – *(Yes, we bloody well are! – Ed.)* there's our star interview with Roger Daltrey, showing us he's still a rockin' good bloke after 20-odd years on the go with that group, the whatsernames.

All in all, a fun-packed edition to keep all parts of your anatomy satisfied till next time, so while I whip the Deputy Ed into shape, I'll leave you to it! – *Clare "Dominant" Dowse.* ♣

Blue ballet . . . page 70

Laura and Nikki in tandem . . . page 36

Shapely Emma . . . page 24

Tasty Tabitha . . . page 60

Becky . . . page 44

Sultry Rowena . . . page 11

COME AGAIN

the girl you've asked to see

We're a bit pleased about this one ourselves. Sabina (Vol 16 No 11) was a particular favourite with the Ed, the Dep Ed, the Asst Dep Ed and the Editor's gerbil too; honestly, we reckon she's the most beautiful girl to grace our pages for a long time.

And it's nice to have your opinions confirmed. A postbag and a half of readers agreed that Sabina, from Naples, was definitely worth another look or ten. We'd tell you everything she said about her letters, but our Italian's terrible, and her English isn't much better. So no more waffle: just take in Sabina – and if you reckon she deserves another whole set to herself, let us know at Come Again, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.♣

IN·THE·BAG

We want to hear from you about what you like, what you did, where you did it, how good she was, or anything you reckon we might be interested in. Send your contributions to In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

Kelly's eye

I may be a bit slow in reacting, but ever since the appearance of Kelly in Vol 14 No 5, I've held a strong motivation to tell you she is among the very best ever published in your excellent magazine. Look, for instance, at the pics such as on page 66 upper left and right and on page 69 upper right (especially this one!): that beautiful body, marvellous tits and mouth-watering, neatly-closed little cunt of hers! It's more than any man can bear to think of for licking and sucking. Look at her cunt pushed forward on the pic on page 69, upper right . . . believe me, I had many a sleepless night after seeing her like that. Not to forget the preview pic on page 3, subtitled "Kelly awaits your arrival on page 66". Why not start a blow-up service for your readers who want their favourites big, say on 40/50 or something like that. For years I've been waiting to meet her on centrefold. Wouldn't it be great to give her a bumper centrefold?

Anyway, let me hear what you think of my suggestion of starting a blow-up service. I will be very grateful for your answer. Think at least of the possibility of letting her appear (the preview-pic or any of the other ones just mentioned) as centrefold in one of your coming mags.

With many heart-bleeding wishes, secret desires and daydreams of Kelly, I close this letter. – Louis De Lang, Holland

We're thinking about the blow-up service, Louis. Would any other readers be interested? – Ed.

Kelly's eye: and lots of other nice bits as well

Lisa's Guide to London

PART 2

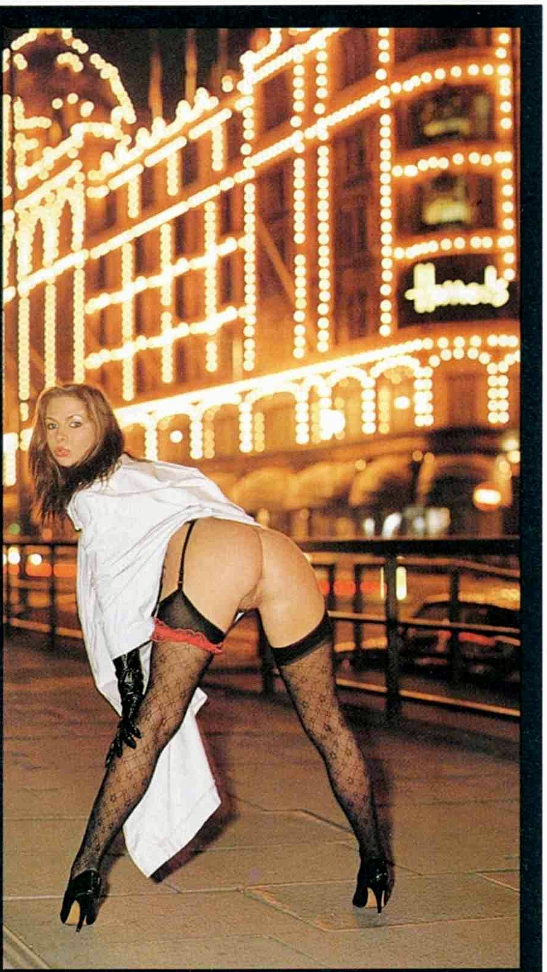
On her informative tour around the streets of the capital, Lisa could hardly ignore the world's most famous department store. After slipping in and buying herself a rather exquisite pair of stockings, the lady nipped back over the road and gave the assembled crowd a bit of info on Harrods:

"Established in 1849 by one Henry Charles Harrod, the original store employed two assistants and had just one counter. Harrods now employs around 4,000 regular staff, rising to 6,000 at Christmas and the sales.

"Over this last Christmas they have sold approximately 1,000,000 Christmas cards, 92 miles of ribbon, 17½ miles of tinsel and 540,000 silver baubles.

"The exterior you see behind me is lit by 7,000 light bulbs. And some of you who are interested in buying me presents may like to know that the most expensive perfume sold by Harrods, L'Air D'Or, retails at a very reasonable £6,000 per 1000 ml bottle."

With which she scarpered from the approaching law. Tune in next month for more fascinating facts from the guide with the neatly trimmed quim. ♣



We love Julie part one . . .

I am writing about Julie Honsman who appeared in Club International Vol 16 No 10. She is just the most beautiful woman I have ever seen in Club. Could we see more of Julie from now on, please? She has the best arse for banging a bloke's dick. Her tits are just mind-blowing, like my wife's, and they look very inviting as well. All I can say for her fanny is I would fuck it any time. Would it be possible to have Julie wearing a nurse's uniform? – M A, Manchester

Julie made a repeat appearance last issue (not as a nurse, though – we can't get everything right). Mind you, I'm just as keen to have her back as you are, it being my considered opinion she's got the most smackable arse this side of Arkansas. Lubba lubba – Ed.

. . . and part two

I've just been through Vol 16 No 10 and must immediately ask for two girls to "Come Again". The first is Julie from Basingstoke. Her face alone says "sex is fun, let's do it". But that shot of her bum in white panties, white skirt ridden up around her hips as she listens to her radio, is quite stunning. It's like she's just saying: "Come and get it, boys." When she comes again, though, please let's see more shots like the one on page 49, where she's knickerless. She just looks so fuckable I can almost feel the juices flowing out of that delectable cunt. A few on-all-fours shots with legs apart would be most appreciated. Just like the second request for Georgina.

I have rarely seen a girlie look so wickedly sexy in every shot. But surely the "fuck-me-doggy-style" pics on pages 84/85 and 87 must be the most successful ever in bringing out the animal in me.

Her shaven cunt lips are pouting so unashamedly. I can just imagine her in ecstasy as a row of well-hung studs (me included) line up to take turns in pumping her full till the spunk overflows and just pours down her thighs and stockings! Come again, please! – Steve, Dulwich

Mark another fan down to Julie – that's 39,479! – Ed.

Top Ten Corner

1 Maria Whittaker (model)
2 Deborah Shelton (actress)
3 Heather Thomas (actress)
4 Carolin Ohrner (German actress)
5 Rita Jenrette (US politician's girlfriend)
6 Lesley-Ann Down (actress)
7 Nicole Beirhoff (TV presenter, RTL)
8 Kirstie Alley (actress)
9 Dolly Parton (singer)
10 Christiane Rucker (actress)

– Helmut Shiffhauer, Germany

Funny lot, these Germans. Dunno who half these girls are. Would you like to write again and tell us, Helmut? – Ed.

Foot on the ladder

I have been an avid reader of your magazine for a good number of years now and I find it to be the best. Very occasionally you show pictures of girls with ladders in their stockings – the most recent was Hanna, Vol 16 No 8.

This I find to be a big turn-on. I would appreciate it if you would show more girls with laddered stockings or tights. – John, West Yorks

We can't help it if we have a good stocking department. But we'll personally ladder a few for you, John – Ed.

TOP TITS

If you're a particularly slow-witted member of the community and the title of this column still doesn't make it clear what it's all about, then the pictures assuredly will. Yes, assembled before your mince pies is a prime pack of pectoral protuberances guaranteed to make any champion marrow grower go bogey-green with sheer envy. Absolutely fucking enormous gazonkas – what more could any red-blooded male (and greasy, perverted individuals like me) ask for?

Well, now I come to mention it, there *is* something: I wouldn't half mind spending a couple of days with my todger completely lost somewhere in the depths of that D Ashby's voluminous valley. – *Gary Garbonza* ♣

Warm leatherette

I can't thank you enough for the pictures of Georgie in Vol 16 No 10. Georgie must be one of the sexiest girls you have ever featured. She looked so fuckable dressed in her red basque, but in leather she was something else again. She says her boyfriends are forever asking her to wank them off while she wears her leather gloves, and who can be surprised? That is one activity which I would gladly partake in with her.

One of my ex-girlfriends, Janine, developed a great interest in leather, which I was always willing to encourage. One night she wore a new and quite expensive leather skirt when we were going to a club. Along with the skirt she wore her normal high heels, black stockings, tight, white shirt and black leather gloves. She looked brilliant. It was a hot, sticky night and we finally returned to Janine's place hot and foot-weary, but still full of energy from the dancing.

As we sat and drank a night cap I commented how sexy she looked in leather and how her new skirt smelled marvellous. Janine said she had realized how sexy she looked because of all the looks she'd been getting from men in the club. She said all that attention had been making her feel wet between the legs.

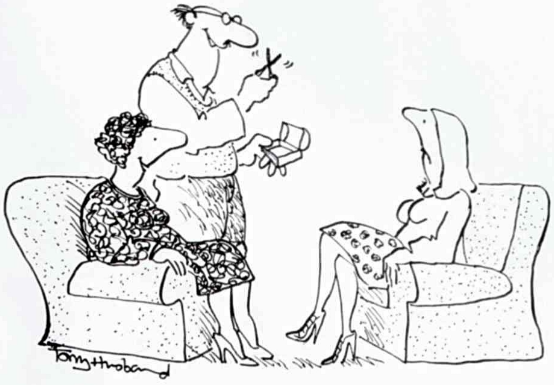
Janine then looked at the bulge in my trousers. "It seems to have made you horny, too," she said, stroking my straining prick through the material. She slowly drew down my zip and pulled out my prick, then, ever so slowly, she pulled back my foreskin with her leather-clad fingers. I don't think I've ever felt bigger than then, as her gloved hand slowly wanked me.

Janine used her other hand to properly undo my trousers and started to lick my balls as her hand continued its rhythmic pumping. In between licking my balls she was saying fantastic things about how all the other guys in the club would have wanted her, but that I was the only one that she wanted to wank, suck or fuck.

She looked up at me as she slowly increased the speed of her hand. "This is nice," she said, "your cock seems so big and hard today. This is as good as you stuffing it up me doggy style, or me sucking your come down." I loved her when she talked dirty and she knew it. "I'm going to wank your cock till you come all over my face, you randy bastard," she said. This was all too much for me. My prick twitched and my first spurt of spunk hit her cheek. I did then indeed spread my cream all over her face till she sucked at the last lingering drops from my cock.

That was by no means the end of things, as we sucked and fucked deep into the night. That was the first time I was wanked with a leather glove and it was some experience.

We must have another photo set of super-sexy Georgie, and any time she wants to put her gloves around my prick she's more than welcome. More, more, more! – B N, Loughborough



Sorry, Jackie, could you indulge Victor for a moment? He collects pubic hairs

Frankly, no

I do hope Frankie is a member of the union, and allowed two coffee breaks a day.

Equal rights for gerbils in publishing. – J Mount, Hythe

That bloody animal is getting more post than I am – Ed.

Mark 4 Jill

I would like to put in my vote for Jill (Come Again, Vol 16 No 10). I hope this time she will be given a whole page, or even a centre spread, to show off her assets. I think Jill is

IN·THE·BAG

wonderful. She gets my dick standing like a piece of holiday rock.

Jill is the type of girl you would not mind spending the rest of your life in bed with. Please bring her back: we want more (more tits and more of that wonderful black, hairy pussy).

I also see Julie Honsman is having problems getting a good orgasm. Well I only wish I could assist. I would lick her clit day and night, probe her with various-sized vibrators, and have sex with her. I would lick her nipples and suck her orgasm juice out. But the juices would not stop there, they would pour out like a river which has burst its bank. – Mark, Surrey

I like a man who knows his own mind. Might be in touch . . . – Jill

Keeping mum

I buy your magazine every month, and I just love to read the dirty letters, so I though I'd write to you and tell you about my best-ever experience.

It was a hot summer's afternoon and the pubs were about to open, so I decided to call and see if my mate would like to join me for a pint.

I knocked on the door and his mum answered (she's a blonde with a lovely bulging pussy! I often dream of her tits and dream of feeling her shapely behind). She said he'd gone out for a few minutes and she asked me in to wait. I went in and sat down on the two-seater sofa. To my surprise, she came and sat right next to me, and we got talking. Eventually she said that Dean, my mate, had gone out for the day, and she only wanted me in to keep her company.

Her hand started to run down my leg, and she saw a big erection coming on me. Immediately we embraced and kissed passionately. In no time at all we were both naked and she was wanking me off violently as I lay on the floor. Her sensuous lips went around my cock as she sucked hard and licked my balls. Then I erupted like a

IN ARREARS

Heigh ho, here we go plunging into another quivering collection of female rear-ends. They just don't stop coming, do they, boys? Not if you do your job right, anyhow.

I have little to say about the buttocks on display this month, apart from the fact that with any luck they will all bear my handprints soon. Why? Because as bottom correspondent I have each bottom's home phone number. And I'm going to give them a call just as soon as I've finished this.

Cheerio. – *Billy Buttock* ♣

volcano into her mouth, on her face and in her hair. She licked me back to life with her rampant tongue and guided my cock right up her hot cunt. We went up and down and I licked her tits at the same time. I grasped on to her arse and my come spurted all up her cunt. Then I went down and licked out her juicy snatch. To finish off a great day I went back that night and had a great French wank off her as she used her shapely tits to full advantage!

Every time I see her now, we both smile and I intend to go and see her again when she comes off holiday. If Dean was to ever find out I'd be in real shit.

Keep the good work up, Club, and show us more pictures of Georgina (Vol 16 No 10). She has a perfect cunt. – Andy, Birmingham

Door-to-Dawn

I am writing to tell you about an incident which happened to me in December 1986. I work for a door-to-door firm, and last year I had to sell at least 30 *EastEnders* calendars for 86-87. And, on a wet, cold miserable morning, I decided to try my luck in Wood Green.

I was really pissed off. I thought I would never sell any, when I saw a shabby home. I rang the bell, expecting the usual load of abuse, when a stunning girl opened the door. She was a wanker's dream.

I showed my ID and a calendar, but she cut me off, offering me a cup of coffee. I accepted gratefully, and she sympathized about how wet I looked. The house was very different from what I expected. I sat by the fire and she came in with two cups of coffee. She was only wearing a towelling robe, and I could feel my prick hardening.

She bought a calendar and then I decided to go for it. "Do you have a boyfriend?" I said. "My name's Dawn, love, and I don't have a guy."

"My name's Dave. You really are beautiful, Dawn. You should try for modelling. I would give you a reference!"

She smiled. "So would your cock, I bet. I saw that bulge when you sat down." I gulped. "Don't be shy," she said as she left the room. After a minute, she yelled for me to come up the stairs. I dashed up the stairs and into her bedroom. Her robe fell to her ankles, showing off her dream body. Within seconds, our tongues were exploring each other's mouths and I thought my trousers would explode. I undressed and joined her on the bed. She kissed my stomach, and finally she licked my helmet.

"What about a 69 position?" I suggested. She readily agreed. Her clit was damp and the feeling of her warm mouth on my cock was magic. After a while, I could feel my spunk was on the move, so I quickly withdrew. "Quick, give me a tit-fuck, Dave – I beg you!" I complied. As my penis worked between her tits, Dawn's tongue flicked over the tip several times, which proved to be too much. "I'm coming," I gasped as my orgasm was released. My spunk covered her face in jets. She told me I was the best fuck she had ever had.

In March I had my first group session with her and her three mates. We see each other regularly. By the way, we both read Club and she loves tossing me off as I look at it. Keep up the good work – Club is the best mag ever. – Dave, North London

THE GREAT 'BRAVO' VENTRILOQUIST
MARTIN.

Borne three

I have recently had a fantastic sexy threesome. I was out at a party one night with my girlfriend who lived next door. We were all happily drinking away when this gorgeous blonde came up to me and started chatting away. We started talking about this and that, when suddenly she whispered in my ear: "Fancy going to your place?" I said: "OK, then." So we slipped next door and went straight to my bedroom. Meanwhile, my girlfriend was getting blotto at the party.

Karen lay me down on the bed, pulled my zip down and slipped my jeans off. She put her hand down my pants and took my shirt off. Then she slipped out of her dress, revealing her stockings and a small pair of red panties. She then kneeled down and took my cock in her mouth. I didn't realize my girlfriend was at the door, stripping off her clothes. She crept forward towards me and sat her juicy cunt on my face. It was the first time I had licked her out. Karen stopped sucking me and watched me and my girlfriend, Jennifer. Once Jennifer had enough, she lay on the other side of the bed whispering: "Fuck me, fuck me hard." I slid my hard cock up her cunt and started thrusting as hard as I could.

A few seconds before I was about to come, I withdrew my cock and came in her mouth. The hot spunk really

continued on page 20

LEWDO

ARE · YOU · A FORD · CORTINA?

According to a recent survey, many people may be Ford Cortinas without knowing it. Use this simple quiz to find out whether you are, in fact, a motor car.

1 What do you like for breakfast?
a) Bacon and eggs
b) A good blowjob
c) Three gallons of four-star

2 What is your favourite form of exercise?
a) A game of football
b) A two-hour screw doggy-fashion
c) A good run up the M1

3 If you have children, what are their names?
a) Robert and Clare
b) Randy and Shagbag
c) Sierra and Capri

4 What really gets you going?
a) Madonna doing *Papa Don't Preach*
b) Your girlfriend doing the business
c) A two-litre straight-four

5 What is your nickname?
a) Pongo
b) Randy bastard
c) Dagenham dustbin

6 What's your best pick-up line?
a) Do you come here often?
b) Fancy a shag?
c) Brmm, brmm

Illustrated by Dicky Howett

▶

LEWDO

7 Are you a good cook?
a) Yes
b) I'm OK
c) No. I am a car

8 Did you answer (c) to the last question?
a) No no no no no
b) Er . . . . .
c) All right, then, yes

SCORING

Mostly 'a's: You're really a bit boring. But you are *not* a Ford Cortina.

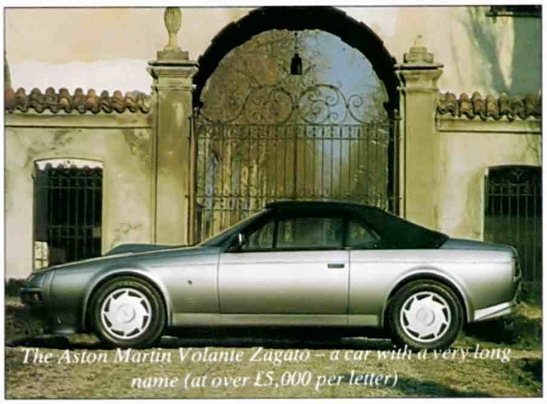
Mostly 'b's: You're sex-mad. Since most Cortinas are not very sexy, you are probably not a Cortina (though you might be a Ferrari).

Mostly 'c's: You have all the qualifications for Cortinaship. However, you might just as well be a Vauxhall Cavalier. If you continue to have these identity problems, we recommend you consult your mechanic. ♣

MOTORVATION

*Most cars cost you money. Some cost you a fair quota of limbs. **John Masham** wastes our time talking about motors we can't bloody afford.*

A couple of years ago some witless plonker (no name, no law suit) paid almost 1.8 million quid for a secondhand Roller. It was distinguished only by the fact that on behalf of a Liverpudlian chap called John Lennon it had been vandalised with a few pots of the old non-drip and some misguided ideas as to what constitutes good taste. One could argue that the final price justifies the efforts of the so-called artist responsible, but I still believe that if his IQ was any lower he'd be living under glass at Kew Gardens.


The Aston Martin Volante Zagato – a car with a very long name (at over £5,000 per letter)

However, appalling though that price is, it would nowadays be filed under C for Chickenfeed. A few months ago someone else who doesn't find the mortgage repayments a problem coughed up £4.3 million for a Bugatti Royale – a classy monster noteworthy only because when they first came out no one wanted to buy them. And by the time you read this, another Royale (admittedly with just one careful owner from new) will have been sold by Christies for about twice as much.

Not quite all the big numbers drifting around at the moment are silly prices, though. One good story which popped up recently concerned a little Renault 4 which ran into a spot of bother on the Franco-Spanish border. Customs officials can now answer that age-old question: how many illegal immigrants can you fit into a small French car? The answer, at least if they're Turks, is an amazing 16. Most people, one hopes, would need to be going somewhere a lot more interesting than France before they'd put up with that game of sardines . . .

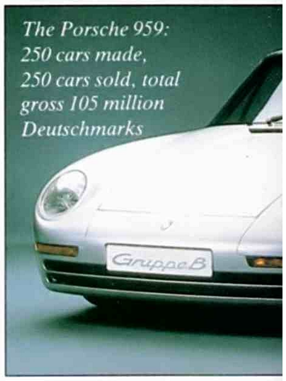
As far as stuffing in the Sons of Allah is concerned, Ferrari can't really offer any competition, but their new car, the F40, is throwing up some pretty wicked statistics of its own. In fact, this car is so quick that the factory aren't even bothering to quote a 0-60 time. They do however quote a 0-*200* time and though I can't remember exactly what it is, I do recall that most of the digits fell to the right of the decimal point. Another interesting figure is the price – circa £155,000 – but happily those cunning Oriental counterfeitors are already at work on a fake one. Called the "Fellali", the Korean copy is a lot cheaper than the real thing, and not a lot slower. In fact it's just an F-16 with the wings sawn off.

What Ferrari are up to with their genuinely 200mph-topping F40 is typical of the current trend amongst the likes of Ferrari, Aston Martin and even Porsche. These Purveyors of Penis Substitutes to the Very Rich are cottoning on to the fact that adding rarity to speed makes just about anything hugely marketable.

While the mainstream manufacturers interpret "Limited Edition" as meaning "several thousand or as many as we can get away with selling", the high-speed boys are taking the word "limited" very seriously indeed.

Last year's ultra-rare Porsche 959, packed to the roof with enough space-age technology to keep even the most mischievous monkey's hands busy, carried a price tag that would scare even Imelda Marcos: it came in at a cool 420,000 Deutschmarks – the really BIG boys don't even bother to quote a UK price. They made 250 of them, of which just 13 were destined for British tarmac. They sold out before anyone had even *seen* one, let alone given it a test run down to the Crankshaft and Ferret.

And Aston Martin's pure silk equivalent of the rag-top, the Volante Zagato, sold out within seconds of the company's announcement that they were up for grabs. Admittedly they only had 25 of them to sell, and alongside the Royale's, the price is beneath contempt, but one would have thought that at £125,000 potential takers would have spent a few short moments debating whether or not to buy. After all, unlike last year's Zagato, this one has "only 305bhp" on tap and so probably won't even top 160mph. You might have thought the recent Ford buyout of AM would bring Aston Martin ownership into the hands of the common herd. Forget it.

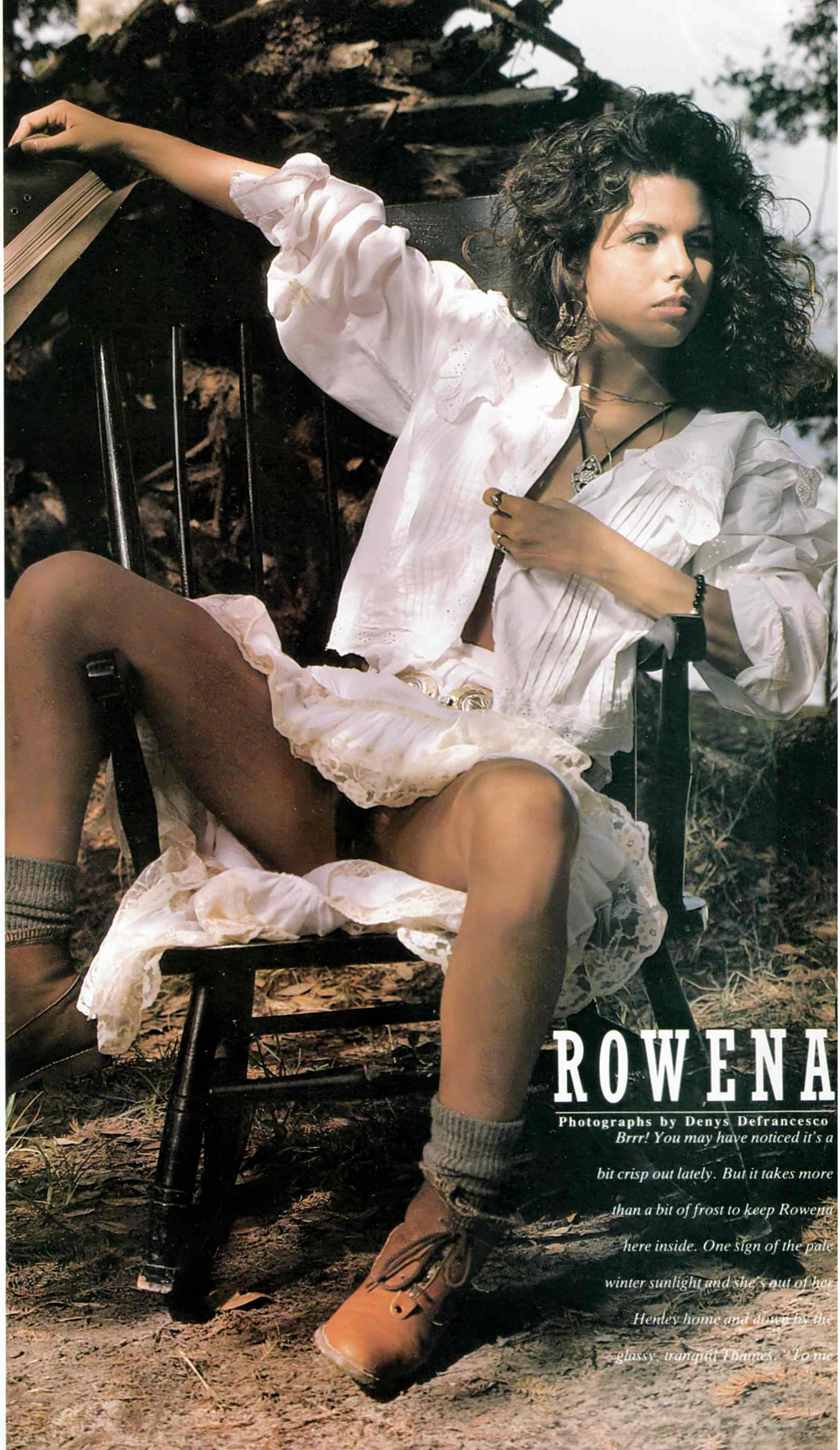

The Porsche 959: 250 cars made, 250 cars sold, total gross 105 million Deutschmarks

Lamborghini's offering in this even-more-rarefied-than-

usual silly sector is the so-called "special" Countach which has been seen running the red lights in downtown Santa Wotsit where they built it. Matching the fuel consumption of a Third World airforce, this one has achieved 205mph thanks to the 550bhp straining under its bonnet. The chassis is pure carbon fibre which, in case you didn't know, is to glass fibre what diamonds are to ice cubes. Expensive? Certainly. Rare? Well, let's just say that at present the world supply of this car is restricted to "almost one". Meaning, the one there is had a bit of a shunt. However, pundits suggest that eventually the factory could get around to building 50 of these, just as soon as they've rebuilt the first one, and dreamt up a price.

Obviously even Gold American Express can't really take the waiting out of wanting as far as these pieces of kit are concerned. Even if you *don't* have to ask the price you probably can't afford them, so is there an alternative? (Short of robbing an entire High Street-worth of banks, that is.)

Well, no, not really – not unless you'll settle for a Porsche anyway. Aware of the fact that not everyone can afford to stump up the £140,000+ a 959 will cost, those down-to-earth boys at Porsche have come up with the 949. Based on a 944, and well tough, believe me, this is the economy model for all you impecunious street burners. Porsche have yet to finalise the price, or indeed finish the prototype, but our spies in the industry assure us that while you may have to sell your granny to pay for one, you might just at a pinch manage to hold on to your girlfriend. Get yours while stocks last. ♣

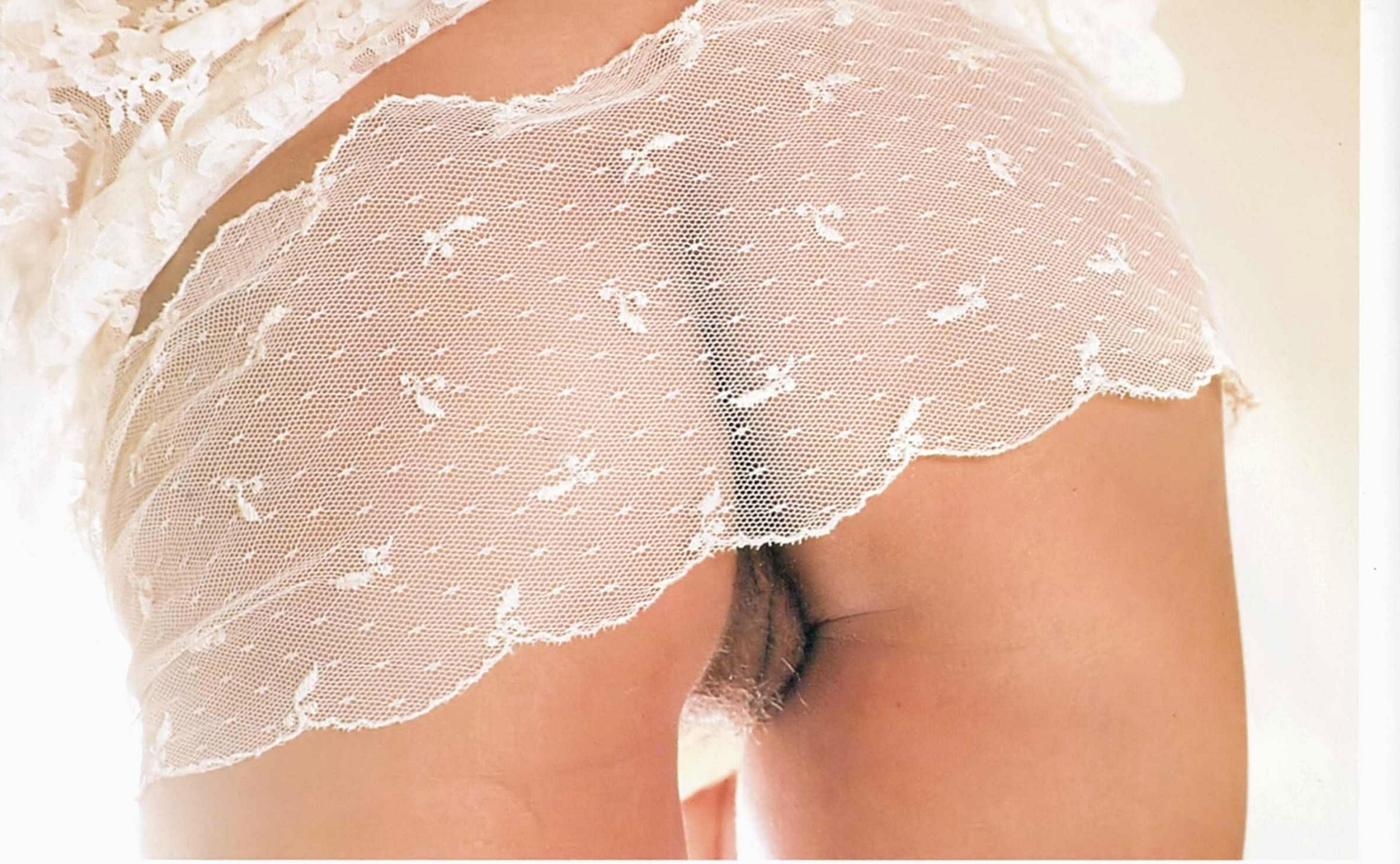


ROWENA

Photographs by Denys Defrancesco

Brrr! You may have noticed it's a bit crisp out lately. But it takes more than a bit of frost to keep Rowena here inside. One sign of the pale winter sunlight and she's out of her Henley home and down by the glassy, tranquil Thames. "To me

winter is the most beautiful time of year," says Rowena. "Everything's quiet and sleeping, resting after all the growth and love of the summer." When it



finally gets too cold to go on communing with sleeping

nature Rowena comes home and does a bit of

communing with herself. "I believe in peace and love – especially love. And until my boyfriend comes back from meditating on a mountain I have to supply the love myself. That's cool . . ." Yes, Rowena's a right hippy when it comes down to it. But at least she's a horny hippy. Where's my kaftan?♣

FOUL·PLAY

*We ask **U Watt** to cover the sports that matter. So he writes about archery. Frankly, things just can't go on like this . . .*

When Eros, the winged bowman, propagator of love, returned to flaunt his knackers in Piccadilly Circus, he brought with him a revived fascination in the sport of toxophily, a sport which has been with us almost as long as Ron Pickering. Dating back to the Stone Age, archery is one of the oldest practices known to man. Originally designed as a stringed musical instrument, the bow and arrow spread rapidly throughout the primitive world, and it was the American Indians who, devoid of any musical talent whatsoever, first realised its potential for killing fish and surprising buffalo.

When the Persians invented war in about 600 B.C., the aggressive side of toxophily (archery to you) really came to the fore. It soon became evident that a huge advantage could be gained if you were able to shoot your arrows further than the enemy could shoot theirs, and bowyers and fletchers throughout the world immediately set about crafting bows and arrows that would fire over great distances.

By 1415 they'd just about got it right in this country and the famous English longbowmen raised a few eyebrows at Agincourt and Crecy by managing to hit the French troops while they were still taking their "crappe du matin" three miles up the road.

But the brute force tactics of the conquering English army masked a finesse that had crept into the art in recent centuries. William Tell had scared the shit out of all and sundry, Robin Hood had perforated John's attempts to rule England, and earlier, King Harold's party trick of catching arrows in his teeth had gone horribly wrong during the Battle of Hastings.

It was this finesse, coupled with an intrinsic dislike for getting shot, that secured archery's popularity on the tournament field and, at the same time, spelt its gradual decline on the field of battle.

The atom bomb finally made the bow and arrow obsolete as a weapon of war

In the 1940s the introduction of the atom bomb finally made the bow and arrow obsolete as a weapon of war *(Eh? – Ed.)*. Nevertheless, toxophily grew in stature as a popular recreational pastime, especially among professional darts players who found the sport invaluable for "keeping their eye in" during periods of sobriety.

The weapon of the modern toxophilite is a far cry from the weapon of old. His bow is no longer of yew but tubular steel, plastic, fibre glass or laminated woods such as teak or oak. Three metal stabilising rods and a hairline sighter stick out from the beautifully crafted bow, giving it a futuristic, spiky appearance. If Robin Hood heard about it he'd turn in his grave. He would also have to go back to robbing the rich to pay for his equipment, a brand new bow costing upwards of £250 with arrows retailing at around £30 for six.

The target, on the other hand, has changed little since Robin's day except for one or two obvious accessories like the suit of armour and the horse. Five concentric rings painted on a paper or canvas "face" which is stretched over a compressed straw "boss" constitutes the object of the archer's aim in most forms of the sport. Another form called "clout-shooting" involves a peg placed in the ground at 100 yards, the object being to fire your arrow up and down to land as near to the peg as possible. This can lead to some fairly wayward shooting and requires a great deal of concentration if you are to avoid the sort of mishap that befell Arthur Headleft who was split in two by one of his own arrows returning to earth as he walked to his car, three minutes after firing it.

Mrs Headleft, upon hearing the tragic news, was unmoved. As far as she was concerned, Arthur had been one of Eros' misfires. Nevertheless, according to his will, she scattered the ashes of his weapon over Sherwood Forest. The rest of his body she donated to science. ♣

PHUT!
ADIDIKE
HARDMAN

HARD·NEWS

THE · PAPER · WITH · BALLS

Edited by Colin Jeffery and Paul Dunn

Every month, in throbbing ten-inch columns, we bring you the news stories that got away.

MS MUSCLES WEIGHING IN

SEX equality rules in Norwich. The local council has agreed to stage a heat of East Anglia's strongest Man contest – but only if women are allowed to enter. *(Sun)*

NOT SO HANDY, RANDY

ACCUSED before a New York court of trying to poison her husband, Randolph, Mrs Eva Rule pleaded: "It was hell living with him. We married eight years ago and, apart from the first two days of our honeymoon, he never made love to me. I suppose it was my fault for marrying such a cold fish, but I did expect a great sex life with a man named Randy." She was put on two years' probation. *(New Yorker)*

Send us your sex-crazed newspaper cuttings, and we'll pay a crisp tenner for every one used. On top of that, the intrepid reader who supplies our lead story will receive a year's subscription and a sack of uncensored Club goodies. Write to Hard News, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

BLUE PENCIL

CURSES! A self-appointed censor is hard at work blacking out swear words in novels at the public library in Okehampton, Devon.

However, vivid sex scenes are left untouched. *(Sun)*

SEXY LAUGHS

GUSTAF Gustavson divorced his wife Sonja in Stockholm recently, on the grounds that she constantly ruined their lovemaking by laughing at him during intercourse.

"I just couldn't help it," confessed Sonja in court. "My husband kept pulling such funny faces as we had sex together." *(Uddjaur)*

BARELY NOTICEABLE

TWO men walked stark-naked into a West German supermarket and ordered two bars of chocolate.

The young female cashier served them, and they departed before anyone could do anything.

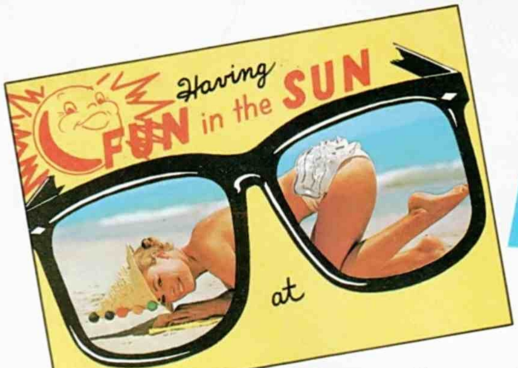
The manager reported them to the police and the shopgirl gave the officers the following description: "They were good-looking, well-built, with a lovely tan all over. I'm afraid I didn't notice their faces." *(Berliner)*

WORK OF ART

IN TAIWAN, a Chinese Nationalistic soldier, Choong Wing Lee, is making himself a fortune by selling to his barrack-room mates the wood-carvings he makes of nude girls. He found that some of the troops will give as much as a half-year's pay for the life-size statue. *(Globe)*

GAY GIRAFFES?!

WHEN their female companion died, the three male giraffes at Taipei Zoo, Taiwan, started getting amorous with each other. Now zoo bosses are considering importing new females because, as one official said: "We're fast running out of explanations for children visiting the zoo." *(Taiwan Times)*



The first thing you notice when landing in Jamaica is that the whole island smells like the palm house at Kew Gardens. The second thing you notice is that everyone, from the bus driver to the baggage handler, is trying to sell you dope.

As far as the tourist brochure stuff goes, the island is everything it's cracked up to be: green country, golden sand, blue sky, shining sea . . . all that bollocks. Very nice, too. And I got it all free.

I got it free because I won a competition with Appleton Estate rum, which I must say is the finest rum in the world, and probably the most noble drink mankind has ever created. Just sipping this remarkable liquor, you seem to experience the softly waving palms, the cooling breeze and the refreshing water. I strongly advise you to buy some immediately.

By the time we got to the hotel I was already stoned from the driver's spliff (in Jamaica they drive at a steady 65 down twisty roads so narrow you could piss across them. It's quite fun when you're stoned).

The place looked like a millionaires' Butlins. While the staff wandered about trying to get people interested in goat races, American honeymoon couples wandered around discussing the price of waffles in Tennessee. They were all tall, tanned and muscley, with straight white teeth and expensive casual clothes, and after they recovered from their hangovers they all got sick again from trying the spicy Jamaican food. My companion and I, raised on biryani takeaways, loved the stuff – so we had a lot of the place to ourselves.

Our base was on the nudist beach. Every 20 minutes, we'd have a Red Stripe beer. Every 40 minutes, we'd have a swim. Every two hours, we'd go out sailing on the crystal Caribbean. Every four hours, we'd stuff ourselves full of spicy pork and beans. Every night we'd go dancing, get stoned and screw our brains out.

It was a tough regime, but it kept us fit. Still, the odd diversion was welcome. Like the time I was lying on the nudist beach on a baking Wednesday afternoon, my tackle bronzing in the sun, when a shadow passed over me. It was a huge Jamaican, seven foot tall and six foot wide.

"Ya cumina de nood croooze," he said.

"Yerwhat?" says I.

"De nood croooze. Ya cumina de nood croooze."

I got it eventually. He wanted me to take a ride in the hotel's catamaran, with a bunch of Yanks and Jamaicans with *no clothes on*.

"Bugger off."

"Blaaad claat! You from England? Dem uptight, all em English say no fe de nood croooze. You play cricket?"

READLOCK HOLIDAY

Every so often the Ed feels he's just got to write something, however illiterate he is. Since it's the travel brochure season again, he thought he'd be original and write "What I Did On My Holidays". God give us strength . . .

It turned out this guy, who had been told by his boss at the hotel to go round cajoling people into going on this nude cruise, was a devout Baptist and deeply disapproved of letting your old man dangle in front of the ladies. He'd been looking for a way out of the job for hours, but the Yanks just insisted on whipping their kecks off and jumping on board. An Englishman desperate for a game of beach cricket was just the excuse he needed. I wasn't, but that didn't stop him. The rest of the day consisted of me, one other English guy and six Jamaicans re-enacting the last England winter tour of the West Indies – ie they beat the crap out of us. And they wouldn't let us get away. By five o'clock I was seriously considering jumping into a ten-foot Sunfish and trying to sail the 100 miles or so over to Cuba, just for a bit of peace. Even on sand, the Jamaicans can't half bowl.

But you don't have to travel thousands of miles to know that. What about the *real* Jamaica, you ask? Well, the expression you hear most used there is "no problem" – odd, considering they've got 30 per cent unemployment, abject poverty, massive national debt and the banana trees have blight. In some areas, tourism is the major income source – and if you're in one of them, you know it. They'll try to get you to buy anything: food, carvings, dope, their daughters . . .

Up in the hills, where it's farming – not tourism – that pays the wages, people are more inclined to sit around over a Red Stripe and natter without turning handsprings for sterling. My companion and I found this out when we teamed up with a couple from Pittsburgh, got hold of a clapped-out Ford and headed uphill (anywhere away from the sea is uphill: Jamaica's basically one long, thin mountain sticking out of the sea).

The roads in Jamaica's interior are a joke that nobody laughs at, except possibly the wise guy who built them. That's why people in the tiny villages up there don't see many tourists.

A Jamaican pub is usually a wooden hut with a tin roof and some crates of beer in the corner. Inside the old men play skittles – bar billiards to us. They play with a skill that comes from years and years of standing in pubs with nothing better to do than play skittles. The younger people shout a lot, and the older ones complain about the amount of noise.

And like home, the way you get to know the people is to get pissed with them. Which we did. They were a good bunch, but the more drunk they got the faster they talked – or perhaps the more drunk I got, the slower I heard. Anyway, by eight o'clock it was pitch dark and we were plastered. We piled into the car and set off home through the blackness. At a bumpy 25 mph, BANG! The tyre burst, and we slid into the bank with a crash.

We couldn't see the tyre, we couldn't see the damage, we couldn't see each other.

Out of the darkness came a thin voice singing a Bob Marley tune. *"Singing don't worry/about a thing/'cos every little thing/gonna be all right . . ."*

He had a torch with him – he hadn't been using it to save on batteries. He'd just finished work, but he still helped us change the wheel. He was called Shane. If you're around Runaway Bay and you meet him, buy him a drink for us. ♣.

NUTTER'S CORNER

Here's one for the government's enterprise schemes. Bill Steed hypnotises frogs. Then he teaches them to be acrobats.

Steed, from Sacramento, California, insists that anyone can hypnotise a frog. All you have to do is lay them on their backs and tickle their stomachs gently.

The money's not bad either. For 150 dollars, anxious owners can enter their frog for one of his 240-hour courses. After this time your little amphibian should be able to execute some complicated routines on the trapeze and lift six ounce weights.

Classes study in the morning. In the afternoon students may relax in their own swimming pool, or even take a bubble bath or sauna.

It would seem that Mr Steed is a complete headcase. But as he says: "What's the harm in bringing pleasure to some innocent frogs?" Especially if you make loads of dosh out of it. ♣

IN·THE·BAG

continued from page 9

satisfied her. Once that was over, Karen came over and pleaded with me to go down on her, so I did as I was told. When I thought the time was right, I slid my big cock up her wet, juicy cunt. My girlfriend just sat and watched, playing with herself as I fucked Karen really hard. It didn't last very long because I was about to come again. I pulled it out and the spunk squirted over her big tits. She then rubbed it in. Karen then left, but Jenny stayed the night and we carried on all night long. That was the best night I have had in years. – Gordon, Edinburgh

Hit or myth?

Recently my husband brought home some "shag" videos in an attempt to rekindle the flame of our very boring and irregular sex-life. The result was an amazing transformation of my sex life but a worsening of Bob's (my hubby).

The first two films were quite tame but I was enthralled by the third, which featured a superbly-hung black man giving an ecstatic young blonde the kind of comprehensive seeing-to most women could only dream of. When Bob's premature ejaculation ruined our evening again, my frustration and intrigue at the film's content set my thoughts on Sly.

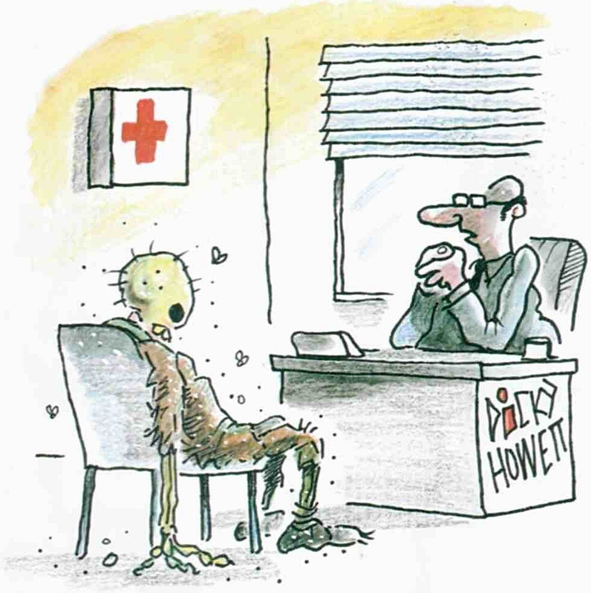
Sly was the transport manager at work, a very handsome and muscular young man in his early 20s and, as his typist and secretary, I worked very closely with him. He had a great sense of fun and was a natural comedian; I always enjoyed working for him. I also knew he fancied me because he'd asked me out on several occasions and indeed I had an "open invitation" to join him for a drink any evening. Until now I'd refused, but as I lay in bed thinking of that video I decided I'd give it a try.

The next day I waited until Bob left for a business trip to Scotland for two days and then dressed for work. Although I am 30, having no children and exercise has kept me in shape: with a little make-up, my 36B-26-35 figure could shame any teenager. Off came my loose dress, tights and flat shoes. A white cotton blouse and tight black pencil skirt with a deep rear split and high black stilettos replaced them. Beneath I wore a white, lacy half-cup bra, white suspender belt, tiny white briefs and black sheer stockings.

I felt sexy and confident and Sly noticed as soon as I arrived at 8.30. "Wow, Liz, you look great! Special occasion?" he enquired. "It could be," I smiled. "I've decided to take you up on your offer of a drink this evening." His face beamed. "I'll look forward to that all day long," he smiled. Unfortunately we were busy that day and it was after 6pm when we got away. To avoid office gossip, we met in a pub around the corner.

At first he seemed hesitant but when I removed my wedding ring and said: "Tonight, I'm single again," he relaxed and when we moved on to a lovely country pub we had a lovely evening, full of laughter and fun; more than I'd had in years. I felt like a teenager again. Sly was a lovely guy and I wanted him to make love to me and was trying by my looks and smiles to let him know. At first I feared he may be too much of a gentleman but once outside in the car he kissed me gently. All our desires and lusts that had been hidden from each other for so long burst out. I told him I wanted him badly and he confessed he'd lusted after my body for years.

As we drove towards my home to consummate our passion, we actually passed the offices where we worked. In conversation he confessed he'd had dreams of having me in the office over his big oak desk. I couldn't believe my luck and, grabbing his thigh, I smiled: "Why not, then?" and as he drove to our deserted office block, I prepared for a dream come true for us both. You see, that stag video which had finally made up my mind had



To be honest, Mr. Brigthorpe, I think we may have left it too late

BAD JOKE

Following the massive response to our Jimmy Jones bad joke competition last month, Club International is proud to present a new monthly series of very bad jokes. Here is the first, kindly supplied by R Campion of Manchester:

Q: Why does Bryan Robson never travel on the motorway?
A: He's afraid of the hard shoulder.

Further contributions from readers are welcomed, and a prize package of The Best of Club, Paul Raymond's Party Girls and the Bumper Sex Annual is offered for entries printed. Entries to 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

O'REILLY'S BOOK OF RECORDS

Well, goodbye! And bottom of the night t'ye! You've just finished reading another eye-opening, head-scratching glimpse inside *O'Reilly's Book of Records*, so here goes:

We end this month by giving you the fascinating details on THE TALLEST BICYCLE MECHANIC ON THE ISLE OF LEWIS. The proud owner of this title is one Fergus Gregor MacMuckle, who has been officially measured at five feet five – this height has been ratified by BUMS (Bicycle and Unicycle Mechanics' Society), and a commemorative scroll was presented to Fergus in recognition of this. Fergus isn't actually a bicycle mechanic, but as there isn't one within a 100-mile radius of Lewis, the record is valid.

From the peace and tranquillity of the Western Isles, we now head south to the noise and grime of London's West End, from where we bring you news of a record which has changed hands 16 times in the space of just under a year, namely THE MOST NUMBER OF MORMONS SEEN CROSSING THE STRAND TOGETHER. The total has always stood at zero, so the record is given to those who bear a passing resemblance to Mormons. Twenty-three such individuals were spotted on the Pelican crossing outside Charing Cross station at 6.13pm last Friday.

Now let's hoof it on down to the Surrey/Hampshire border, where we can find THE WORLD'S MOST PROLIFIC STALLION WANKER. Cynthia Combine-Hughes runs a stud farm in the area, and she has video film of 3372 horny horses being given a hand (pardon the pun!!) by her very good self to get in the mood for a bit of rumpy-pumpy with the unsuspecting nag in the next field. The O'Reilly Ethics Committee have not, however, included the 106 premature ejaculations in the above figure.

Now to ejaculations of a different kind. Kevin Retch, a 28-year-old fungus broker from Dagenham, is the proud owner of THE VOMIT WHICH HAS MOST RESEMBLED DICED CARROTS. Ingenious Kev landed the record by noshing no fewer than 38 tins of . . . yes, Hartley's diced carrots, washed down with a pint of Pernod and Tennent's Super. The contents of the vomit were so convincing, many latecomers to the event were convinced the tins had been emptied straight on to the ground.

And, firstly, let's start off

featured the black movie stud screwing the girl in an office!!

Using his pass keys, Sly let us in. As he did I boldly removed my blouse and skirt and my front-fastening bra, walking to him with my big, rounded breasts proudly on view. I had worked particularly hard to keep my bust very firm and as Sly's eager hands began to knead my milky-white orbs he complimented me on my proudest assets.

He obviously adored my breasts and, as he quite superbly manipulated them and pinched and rolled my nipples into erection, he whispered his admiration. His head fell to lick and suck and nibble my hard nipples while his strong hands effortlessly despatched my tiny wet panties to my ankles. My honey-blonde thatch was clipped into a neat, tight little triangle and the fact that I was a "natural" blonde really seemed to arouse Sly. He led me to his huge leather swivel chair and I sat and waited as he undressed. He had a wonderful body with broad, muscular shoulders and chest, a slim waist and neck, little bum and strong powerful thighs. But, much as I drooled at his lean physique, it was when he slipped off his pants that my heart skipped a beat.

His cock hung to mid-thigh like a long sausage over two large hairy balls and as I reached for him he moved to me. As I stroked and squeezed him, he grew, swelled and hardened into an erection that lived up to every dream I'd ever had. As I licked and tongued his crown I found I could place both of my hands comfortably along the shaft.

"It's enormous!" I panted, trying to suck his crown into my mouth as he growled: "It's 9½ inches, Liz, and it's all for you."

Suddenly he fell to his knees, hooking my legs high over his shoulders. I saw his tongue flickering at my sex. I was already damp and open, and within seconds of his cunnilingus, my pussy was flooding his face. Within a minute or so, my climax was on its way and, as he began to flick my swollen bud from side to side, I exploded, screaming at the pleasure and relief of my first orgasm for years.

He sucked at my breasts momentarily to let me catch my breath, whispering: "Are you ready for me, Liz?" As I expected, he led me to the edge of his large oak desk and helped me sit on its very edge, my legs still dangling over the sides. He moved between my thighs as I parted them and I took his rod in my fingers and very gently placed the crown at my entrance. "I always knew this desk would be just the right height," he smiled. I raised my legs and hooked my ankles around his back then looked down in a mixture of delight and amazement as Sly eased his monster cock into my pussy.

The giant cock buried in my cunt and the inevitable build of my climax seemed to transport me from my own body until I could see myself being screwed by Sly as sure as I'd seen that video at home. In my mind I became that girl and Sly was the well-hung stud giving me the shagging of a lifetime. As my fantasy enveloped me, I found myself urging on Sly just as that video film tart had done. I kissed him deeply and begged: "I want all of you, Sly . . . right up to your balls!" and to confirm my desire I lay back on his desk.

Sly's eyes lit up with delight and he raised my legs, rested my calves on his shoulders, leaned over me and growled: "You got it, baby!" He drove his full length into my pussy, my scream of pleasure accompanied by the slap of his balls against my buttocks. The sensation resulting from his full penetration was one of indescribable ecstasy and it sent me wild with passion. I began to scream and howl and thrash around on the desk as Sly shafted me, lifting my buttocks from the table with the power of his thrusts.

As my orgasm built and built, I became aware of a new, exciting factor in our coitus that simply drove me over the top. Suddenly, as I saw his long, black cock sliding into me, glistening with my juices, the contrast in our colours hit me like a sledgehammer. The ebony of his chest, arms, thighs and cock against the milky white of my breasts and inner thighs lifted me to a plane of sheer animal desire. Suddenly, howling like a bitch on heat, his thrusting and growls of: "Take it, Liz, take it," triggered inside my mind and body a series of successive explosions that turned me into a wriggling, writhing wreck. My body was

continued on page 98

WIN! TEN VIDEOS

STRIP IT UP

They've called it a "nifty little thriller." They've called it a "very sexy movie." They've called it a "classic of Western cinema," but they were lying that time.

Yes, it's *Stripped To Kill*, a really highly entertaining film from those very very nice people at MGM/UA home video! How do we know they're very very nice? Easy – they've let us have ten copies to give away!

If you must know what it's like, just flick Allan "Pause Button" Bryce's review on page 23.

Now all you have to do to win this classic of Western cinema is – give us a laugh! Yes, we want you to provide a highly amusing caption for this pic of a delectable young lady from said film. Scrawl it on the form provided, snip it out and send it to:

Blimey! Stripped to Kill Competition, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

Best ten out of the Art Editor's mum's hairnet are up for the vid.

CAPTION ....
....
MY NAME ....
MY ADDRESS ....
....

by featuring THE GREATEST DISTANCE TRAVELLED BY A DEAD RABBIT. A bunny called David (no other personal details known, I'm afraid), obviously keen to get the record, darted out in front of a 32-ton artic laden with fresh fish as it left Aberdeen. David's aim was true, and he succeeded in getting himself wrapped around the lorry's front offside tyre. By the time the lorry had returned to base, having delivered its load in Marseilles, Dave had clocked up a staggering 3211 miles. A worthy record-holder.

Well, there's time for plenty more this month, so it's hello! ♣

TAPED!

Carry On show scriptwriters never die – they just write about videos and call themselves ***Allan Bryce****. Yes, we present more stupid puns from the king of tit and bum!*

"I told you it was a pistol in my pocket!"

Grappling with one of the excitable fans of Stripped to Kill.

Now I'm not a chap who has ever subscribed to the viewpoint that more than a mouthful's a waste. In fact, show me a well rounded pair of dumplings and I'll have my cruet out straight away. That's why more than my eyes were bulging when I copped a load of **Vision X No 2**, a new tape aimed at the sort of chap who likes his women to look like they've been shot in the back by twin Cruise missiles.

The woman who fronts it (and I mean that most literally) is named Tina Small, but she's far from it in the chest department. I always used to think that Cannon and Ball were the biggest pair of tits around, but Tina's got them beat by at least 85 inches. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised to learn that her bras were made to measure by Wimpey.

This tape showcases a series of sexy sketches, starting with the erotic activities of two lesbian *Babes In The Wood* who frolic with gay abandon – it's not only the squirrels who are furry here. Then in *Electric Love* a randy female robot comes to life and blows more than a fuse – leaving her creator with a blissful smile on his face! After this you can enjoy the soft focus love games that unfold in the romantic memoirs of a beautiful actress when she is pursued by a soldier (and I presume the man's a soldier because he's obviously good at drilling) in *The Movie of Your Life*. And *The Painted Lady* sees a dowdy housewife transform herself into a tarty temptress after her husband nips off to work on the 8.29. I found this to be the sexiest sequence of the lot. In fact they had to chisel me out of the chair after watching it!

But finally we come to the two showpieces of the tape (count 'em), and they both belong to titanic Tina, who straps those megamounds into a specially reinforced corset (NASA triumphs again) and blasts off into space to save the world from the evil tyrant Xor in *The Girl From Planet X*. This is like an old *Flash Gordon* episode, and believe me that Tina's flashing can be seen right across the universe. The sophisticated viewer can only sit and stare and wonder if they are real or not – and I'm not only talking about those plastic spacecraft . . .

Getting one's hide tanned in Electric Blue 25 . . .

"I've always believed in putting all before me!"

While we're in the realms of fantasy let's take a look at a goolie-grabbing bit of nonsense called **Chatterbox**, in which a pert young natural blonde named Penelope (Candice Rialson) suddenly and for no explicable reason develops a prattling pussy. This is a definite turn up for the books, but not too far fetched when you come to think of it – after all, plenty of men talk out of their arses don't they? (We're not sexist here.) Anyway, our heroine is most embarrassed when her new pal (who for delicacy's sake we will call Virginia) starts coming out with scathing assessments of her boyfriend's lack of sexual staying power.

But a spell on the couch of a randy trick cyclist sorts her out and with her self-confidence restored she makes several hit appearances on the sort of TV chat shows where talking prats are welcomed. Eventually she discovers that Ginny has got a lovely singing voice – a cuntralto, I suppose you'd call it – and so decides to launch into a showbiz career. The movie ends in a glittering dance routine, the like of which hasn't been seen since the last edition of *New Faces*. I had to watch it all twice just to make sure I wasn't dreaming.

Things get even sillier with **The Coming Of Aliens**, a close encounter of the erotic kind in which a saucerful of oversexed ETs drop in on a couple of randy Earth women for a close encounter of the horny kind. The plot keeps you guessing: how did that cardboard spacecraft make it halfway across the galaxy? What do two gorgeous females like Maria Baxa and Monica Zanchi find so attractive about their weird visitors – could it be the size of those tubes sticking out of their rubber suits? And why does their leader say "We come in peace" when in fact he makes one helluva racket as he crosses the finishing line? All is revealed in a special effects-ful climax that must have cost all of two bob to film – Steven Spielberg eat your heart out!

On to the quality stuff now, and video blue doesn't get much classier than the **Electric Blue** series. Their latest is **Volume 25** and it's a winner all the way, starting with an eye-opening look at *The Sex Maniac's Ball*, where over 400 fetishist freaks parade their wares equipped with whips, chains and thigh-high leather boots. It looks like a great do. There are sausage rolls shaped like plonkers and plonkers shaped like sausage rolls, the waitresses are always ready to polish their tonsils on the guests' wedding tackle, and what some people do with their cocktail sticks defies description . . .

Next it's on to cheeky Copenhagen, the sex centre of Europe, where we discover live sex shows and massage parlours in which the girls are not afraid to rub visitors up the wrong way. Whatever your appetite, these Danish dollies have got what it takes to get your motor running – and they'll even pull your choke out first.

The rest of the tape is the usual round of accomplished EB erotica, including comedy adverts for *The*

"I tell you, boys, these silicone implants just work wonders!"

Bum, a titillating national daily that offers its readers "A Bunky Break in Benidorm"; *The Amorous Adventures of A Travelling Gentleman*, a costume piece (though the costumes soon come off) about a lucky chap who stops at an old inn for a nibble and ends up frolicking on the four-poster with two lusty wenches; a languid lesbian encounter aboard a luxury yacht with Sheila and Melanie eating, drinking and feeling Mary; a flighty flower girl getting her bloomers down; and finally *The Breast of Britain* offers a chance to ogle the magnificent mammaries of a dame called Debbie who waggles her wobblers so energetically it's a wonder she doesn't decapitate the cameraman. Is this value for money, or what?

Next on the agenda is **Runaway Passion**, a saucy Italian romp about the erotic misadventures of two randy lovers on the run from the police for a crime they did not commit. They don't want to get grabbed by the fuzz (which I'm told can be a pretty painful experience), so they split up and have a number of sizzling sexual encounters. At one stage the girl gets a lift from a hunky lorry driver who starts talking about the Occult. Then she demonstrates some magic powers of her own: putting her hand on his knee and making him turn into a layby! What happens next makes his Yorkie melt on the dashboard. In the meantime her boyfriend is being given a taste of peace and love by a spaced-out hippie girl. They all come together for a red hot climax that will have you sending your raincoat out to the dry-cleaners.

Pleasure Vacation is set on one of those idyllic tropical islands that you hear about in the adverts, where Bounty bars clog the beaches and you can't get a seat in the best restaurant because Alan Whicker has got there first with the right credit card. It's the story of a frustrated young miss named Electra who yearns to feel strong sexual urges surging through her adolescent body. In other words she wants a bloody good seeing to. Then one day she makes friends with a sultry temptress called Maria, and the two of them hatch a plan to kidnap a local stud and force him to satisfy their erotic needs. The poor guy gives it a game try but ends up flat on his back with a silly grin on his face, leaving the torrid female twosome to find mutual satisfaction sitting on each other's faces. What a plot! Who said the spirit of Hemingway was dead?

And finally we come to **Stripped To Kill**, a sexy thriller about a faceless loony on the prowl behind the scenes of a sleazy New York peep show, doing some pretty nasty things to the dancers. Yes, it's a whodunnit, though some of the things that people are seen doing to each other are self-explanatory. There are a lot of red herrings around, and you'll need the deductive skill of Sherlock Holmes to work out who the murderer is. Among the chief suspects: the punter in the front row who obviously has a blunt instrument sticking up under his raincoat; the confused transvestite who doesn't know which way to turn, and the sinister club owner, whose baggy trousers cover a multitude of sins.

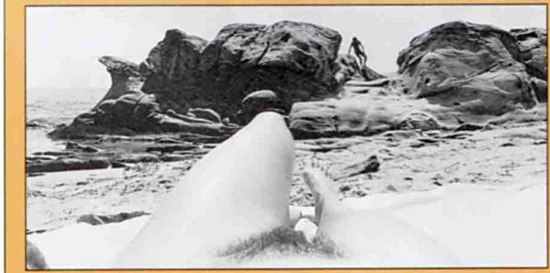
Starring lovely Kay Lenz as the policewoman who turns stripper to uncover (if that's the right word) the mystery, this is a nifty little thriller with a host of sexy striptease sequences and a considerable amount of rather brutal action (the way the killer disposes of his victims is pretty grisly stuff). And it even offers a stylish *Psycho*-type surprise ending to catch audiences with their trousers down (filthy beasts!). We enjoyed it so much that we asked those charming folks at MGM UA video to let us have ten copies to give away as prizes. The comp itself is back on page 21, just in case you haven't entered already. All runners-up will join Mark Thatcher on safari round Tina Small's chest, so don't forget to bring a map and a flare pistol . . . ♣

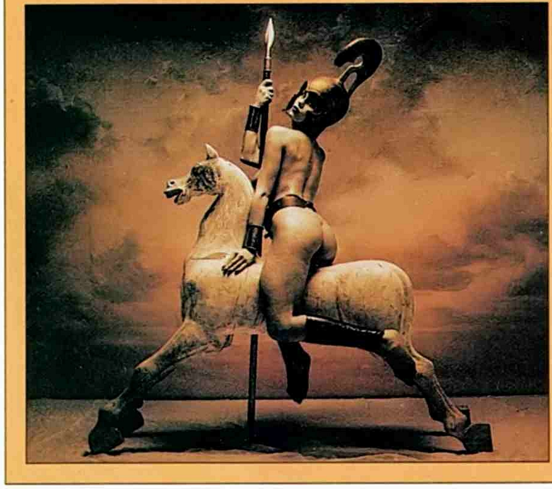
***Pleasure Vacation** and **Runaway Passion** are available from Cassex Video, 26 Brigstock Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey CR4 7JJ. **The Coming Of Aliens** and **Chatterbox** from Movieland, 47 Tottenham Court Road, London W1. **Electric Blue Volume 25** from the Electric Blue shop, 287 Pentonville Road, London N1. **Vision X Number 2** from Ultravision International Ltd, Saxon Hall, South Harting, Petersfield, Hampshire. **Stripped To Kill** from MGM UA Home Video.*

UNCOVERED

*Naughty books ain't what they used to be. But then, neither is **Chris Lloyd***

Apart from all the chat shows she seems to be guesting recently, Cynthia Payne is occupying quite a chunk of shelf space too. However, the thin but large *Entertaining At Home* (Penguin – £3.95) is no trial, no autobiography, just "party hints" from a hassled hostess. Now I thought she was just into poached eggs and slavery, but I was wrong, wasn't I? This is "essential etiquette from introduction to seduction" from a dame who claims to have had entertaining thrust upon her.





For your coffee table and your sense of history (if you have either), there's the massive, glossy and serious exploration of unclothed people entitled, unsurprisingly, *The Naked And The Nude* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson – £16.95), amassed very invitingly by Jorge Lewinski. From daguerreotypes to collages, copper plates to fast film – and all with tits. Wonderful either to touch, look at, read, gloat, flick through or browse. Worth it.

***The Safe Sex Survival Manual* (Century Hutchinson – £2.95) is an ABC of Dos and Don'ts in the modern sexual world, apparently with a free condom stapled to each copy (such is their concern for your safety). "Sex will never go away," state the authors, and, I suppose, as long as it sticks around, so will the sex manual.**

On a par with this, you have *Private Parts* (Corgi – £2.95), yet another list of sex objects harvested by authors who are unnamed and therefore probably lurking behind some of the illustrations. Only this time, we just have to take pricks, cunts, arses, tits, balls and pubes (used in their anatomical sense) and tap out as many synonyms for them as there are oranges in the Mediterranean.

Seems Wicked Willie has really cooked a good fire underneath the swivel-chairs of today's cartoonists. Suddenly, everywhere you look, you're surrounded by silly one-dimensional visual puns on sexual deviance/failure/success – and, like General Custer, you won't be able to shoot your way out of them. *For Lovers Only* (Frederick Muller – £2.95) is geared to appeal to sadists, fetishists, dreamers, tabooists, children, players, psychologists, artists, animals, gourmets, supernaturalists, sportists, winners and beginners. Did they leave anybody out?

THANK YOU

THANK YOU

EMMA

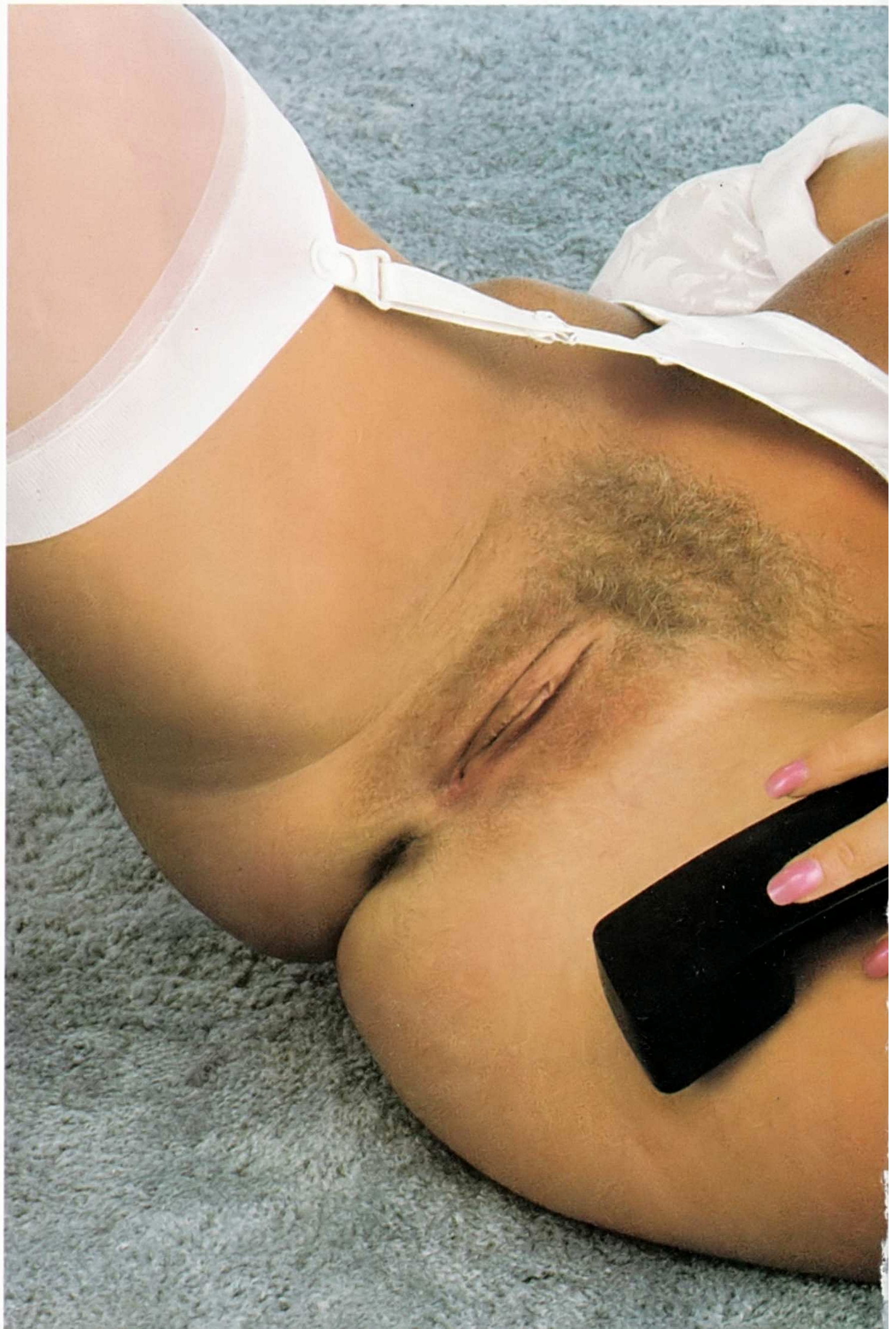
Photographs by Wavelength

If you think you know

what "office skills" are,

think again. Emma here gives a whole new meaning to the term. "The things I really like to do in the office aren't the sort most people would put on their cvs," Emma remarks. "If I was honest my cv would go something

THANK YOU



like: 'Excellent typing and shorthand, knowledge of filing systems, cocksucking up to nine inches. Specially trained in word processing and screwing on the boss's desk.'" She got the job here. And it turns out her shorthand really is *excellent . . .*

THE GENIUS OF GENESIS

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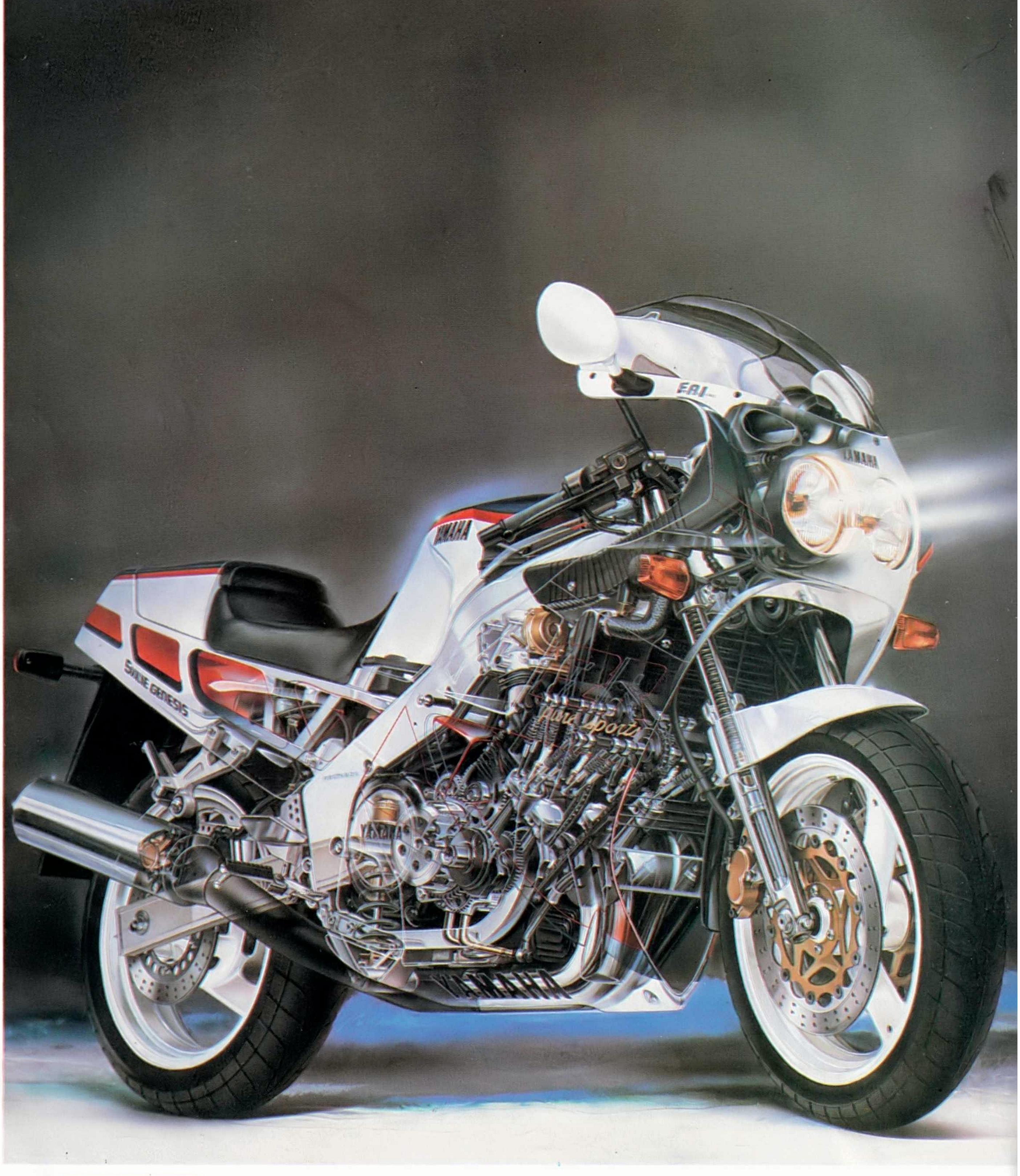

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YAMAHA

RACING AHEAD

C L U B I N T E R V I E W

ROGER DALTREY

BY PIERRE PERRONE

It's the eyes that get you first. He fixes you with the kind of manic stare which fills the mind with images of microphones taking a head first dive into a bank of amplifiers; of electric guitars demolishing a drum kit in one easy wallop.

But the nearest Roger Daltrey got to that was grabbing my mike when I walked in the room, then threatening to twirl it around his head and throw it at me. Of course, he was only kidding. I think.

In a way, it's a surprise Daltrey didn't carry out his threat, because he's a man who doesn't mince his words. Like, the fact that the flying microphone bit goes back about 20 years doesn't mean a thing to him. "At least I've done one thing in my life," he states. "I'm very proud of my Who past."

He's every right to be, mind. Sales of Who records have topped an almost unbelievable 80 million, and describing nearly every gig the band played as a "sell-out" would be a laughable understatement. But all that is swept aside when Daltrey is asked what he considered to have been the Who's major achievement.

"Even in '64, when we were still called The High Numbers, I knew we'd make it. What I lacked in ability, I made up for in sheer determination. We were out to change the world, and it was us against the world. A band like The Who could only have survived because the people in it had so much determination. But the fact that we stayed together for more than two weeks – *that* was our major achievement, let me tell you. I'm serious."

As far as Daltrey is concerned, it was Pete Townshend who was responsible for the break-up of the band. "You can't make a person do something when they don't want to, it's as simple as that. Pete didn't want to tour any more. He even went as far as telling me and John to go out and play with whoever we liked and call it The Who, but we couldn't do that. It'd never be The Who without Pete."

While the singer feels that Townshend is indispensible, it's not an opinion he holds about Kenny Jones, the former Faces and Small Faces drummer who replaced the late Keith Moon after the release of *Who Are You* in 1978. Even if Daltrey claims he had a ball on stage, it's safer not to mention the débâcle of their short-lived reunion for Live Aid and the stormy atmosphere backstage before their short set. Roger hasn't seen Kenny for ages and claims: "He was never the right drummer for The Who. I would have had more of an animal. We suffered because of that. That's not to say Kenny isn't a good drummer, but it *was* a case of putting the wrong wheel on a car."

The group's career never regained momentum. After *The Kids Are Alright*, which recounted their story up to Keith Moon's demise, they once more regurgitated their past with the film version of *Quadrophenia* before embarking on an American tour. On the 3rd of December 1979, 11 fans were trampled to death by an impatient audience who rushed through the doors of the Riverfront Arena in Cincinatti. In order to avoid a riot, the authorities waited until the end of the concert to inform the band of the casualties. Understandably, the four musicians looked very gloomy when they appeared in *Time* magazine the following week.

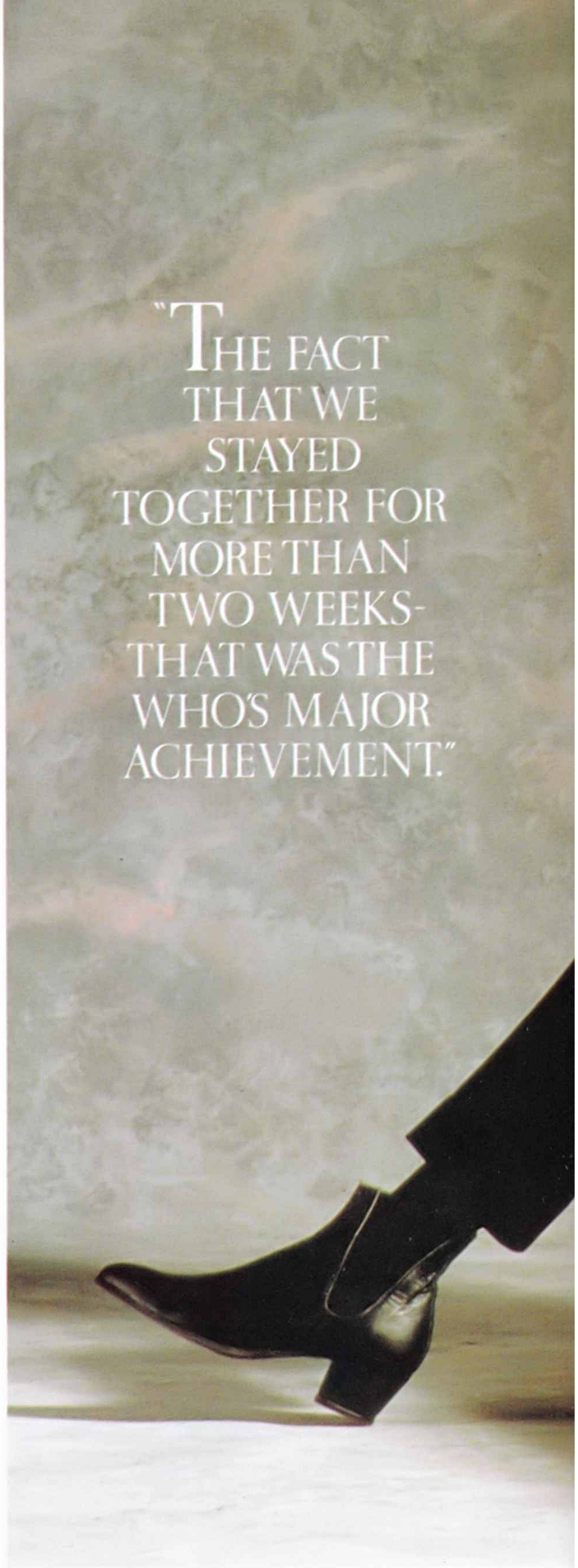
Face Dances would only surface in March 1981, after a lengthy British tour which somehow restored their status as one of the world's premier bands. Two singles, *You Better You Bet* and *Don't Let Go The Coat* allowed fans a glimpse of Pete Townshend as the tortured artist still believing in the power of redemption through rock'n'roll.

September 1982 heralded the arrival of *It's Hard*, an LP which Daltrey hates with a vengeance. "I never wanted it released. I remember talking to Pete and saying this is just not on. There's nothing on the album apart from *Eminence Front* which is forward-looking. All we'd done was go through the ropes like a circus act. And the least said about *Who's Last*, the better." This was a double live set culled from their "farewell" dates in America, which was of no interest whatsoever apart from a ramshackle version of *Twist And Shout* for completists.

"It got us out of a lot of financial troubles because we owed the record company a lot of money and we'd already spent our advance – as simple as that. It's never all roses, even though it might appear like that on the outside. I mean, you never see people go to the toilet in films, do you?"

Faithful fans get very annoyed these days when they go into record shops and are confronted with tons of Who compilations and re-releases in naff sleeves while it remains damn near impossible to purchase the group's entire back catalogue. Mind you, throughout their career, the four musicians had also contributed to this pile of collections with *Meaty, Beaty, Big & Bouncy* and *Odds & Sods*.

But, in hindsight, Daltrey again blames the record companies. "It hasn't got anything to do with us. Once they own the masters, they virtually do what they like



"THE FACT THAT WE STAYED TOGETHER FOR MORE THAN TWO WEEKS - THAT WAS THE WHO'S MAJOR ACHIEVEMENT."

with them. It's the same with any artist once they cease to produce any more. The same thing happened with Elvis."

More recently, greed of a different kind reared its ugly head with the use of some of The Who's immortal songs as background music for TV commercials. *Pinball Wizard* sings the merits of a certain bank, while *Who Are You?* tries to convince hapless Brits that the Renault 5 is worth investigating. However, the singer, who has hammed up his interest in fishing for all it's worth in an American Express commercial, doesn't necessarily agree that all this is sacrilegious.

"I don't mind the music being used, but I don't like it when it's my voice. I don't know how they got that for *Who Are You?* and" – pretends to be angry – "I didn't get paid, which really annoys me! But then again, aren't we making mountains out of molehills? Let's be honest, we were the group that did *Who Sell Out*" – their 1967 album which (19 years before Sigue Sigue Sputnik) contained jingles from the Radio London pirate station and pseudo commercials for *Odorono* and *Heinz Baked Beans* – "so we should be able to live with that."

The quartet also pioneered the use of corporate sponsorship when the American beer manufacturers Schlitz underwrote some of the costs of their 1982 tour of the Americas.

The early stages of the singer's solo career started in 1973 with the *Daltrey* collection, on which he collaborated with Adam Faith and Leo Sayer.

Daltrey admits he was deliberately trying to do something different from The Who. "If I'd wanted to make a rock'n'roll record, I would have made it with the band. I wanted to experiment in doing other kinds of music, and it made me grow as a person and as a singer. Believe it or not, I hate the sound of my singing voice. When I hear the tracks they always sound great, 'til I sing on them. I suppose it's like most people when they hear their voice on a tape recorder for the first time."

In the intervening years, Daltrey has turned out to be the most prolific of the four Who members. His solo output includes *Ride A Rock Horse* (1975), *Lisztomania* (soundtrack for the Ken Russell film which featured the singer in the unlikely guise of Franz Liszt), *One Of The Boys* (both 1977) as well as the solo version of *I'm Free*, from the "symphonic" *Tommy*, which made the British Top 20 in 1973.

> *"I have no regrets at all. But I would have liked to have kept Keith Moon alive . . ."*

As well as playing the leading parts in the two aforementioned movies, the singer also caught the critics' eye with his portrayal of Macheath in the version of *The Beggars Opera* which Jonathan Miller directed for the BBC in 1983.

"I haven't acted on stage yet, but I will soon. I get quite a few scripts, but I'm very choosy about what I do; I like to do things where I can stretch myself as an actor and turn people's heads around so that they say, *Christ, that's not Roger Daltrey doing that*. In America they can't understand it: I was over there and they got me a part in one of their series – something like *Hart To Hart* – but I turned it down and told them I had to go back to England to do this educational programme for BBC television."

"However," he continues, "I've been offered a pilot for a TV series over there and I'm gonna do that cause it's a very funny comedy, and I haven't done much of that apart from a short entitled *Bitter Cherry* with Denis Lawson. And I did something in France based on William Tell, which ended up as a comedy. I love French cinema because it has kept its identity and its character. It frustrates the hell out of me that our British cinema really isn't cared for in the same way. It's starting to come back a little bit – we did our share with *Quadrophenia* and *McVicar* – and I've got a project that I'm working on now. Not the Kray twins story which everyone knows about, but an extension of *Buddy*, the TV series I did for the BBC where I played the father of this teenager. It would be much more about the relationship between the two characters, and would involve music. I think it will make a fabulous film."

Daltrey seems fascinated by shady characters and the underworld, maybe because, had it not been for the escape The Who provided, he could have ended up behind bars or in the gutter. His supposed delinquent past turns out to have been mostly stories concocted by over-eager publicists and, as for my embryonic villain theory, all it warranted was: "You never know."

However, at the merest mention of the British class system, there's no holding Daltrey back. "Working class is always working class. Just because you're rich, it doesn't mean you become middle class. That's the whole thing of a class system. I'm still working class. I've always lived in this country. Financially, I would have been very rich now if I'd left, but I never did it for the money.

"Mind you, the politics here scare me. The political climate in Britain is so one-sided. We've got the almighty Maggie Thatcher and very little to stand in her way apart from an antiquated Labour Party. And young people have become so fuckin' fashion conscious," he adds as an afterthought, maybe slightly tinted by the lack of success of his recent records. *Parting Should Be Painless*, *Under a Raging Moon* and *After The Fire* have all been flops.

Not that the singer is himself the most prolific of composers. He co-wrote *Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere* with Townshend, penned *See My Way* for *A Quick One While He's Away* and *Here For More* which ended up on the B-side of *The Seeker*, a long-forgotten 45. He attempts to justify his position: "I was very happy to be the mouthpiece of all those wonderful songs that Pete wrote. In some ways I was psychologically intimidated by that because he's such a fine writer. Pete *is* intimidating, that's all you can say. Still, I feel a whole lot better about my songwriting now. I'm coming out of my shell. I can write adequate songs.

"I'm better at crafting; I can turn a pretty good song into a great song, or so I'd like to think. It's not important to me that I get a credit, it's not what it's all about. If I can just interpret a song really well, I think that is a fine art and should be appreciated as such. There's enough egotistical wankers out there producing mediocre material without me joining their legions."

Hearts Of Fire, a Russ Ballard composition that Roger had a hand in, came out as a single last year and caused a few ripples. "That song jumps out at you. It's got so much passion, it's lively, it's vibrant. That track celebrates my generation," he stresses with a certain irony, "all the over-40s. On *Can't Wait To See The Movie*, my latest LP, I've kept all the things that Roger Daltrey fans will like; the passion and the energy are very much there."

> *"Hearts of Fire celebrates my generation – all the over-40s"*

It's always the easy way out of an interview to ask the subject if he has any regrets. Never one to make things difficult for myself, I go for it. Daltrey fixes me with his laser-beam stare. "No regrets at all. But I would have liked to have kept Keith Moon alive . . . that's not really a regret, though, because what happened happened. No, I'd do it all again, exactly the same way. It's like they say; if you went back in the past you'd change some things, but you wouldn't get to the future then, would you?"

He confirms that he and Pete buried the hatchet a long time ago. "We're gonna do something for our 25th anniversary, which could be any time between now and 1990 'cause you could say, right – it's when the band first got together; when we did our first gig together, or when the first record got in the charts. So there's a three-year gap there. If Pete rang tomorrow and said 'Come on', I would only be too pleased to do it."

In the meantime, he's quite content to do bits and pieces; a duet with Meatloaf here (on the *Bad Attitude* album), a soundtrack there (a cover of Elton John's *Don't Let The Sun Go Down On Me* for Richard Donner's *Lost Boys*) and "the fish farm in Sussex. But most days, I'm usually reading scripts. It takes an awful lot out of you. I find that exhausting. I fight with scripts because I'm determined not to give them any of my energy. The more acting I do, the more I realize that I'm giving away parts of my soul. I'm very half-hearted at auditions . . ."

Somehow, the concept of a headstrong person like Daltrey being half-hearted about anything doesn't seem to ring true. But maybe he's just saving all his boundless energy for that long-awaited phone call from Pete.♣

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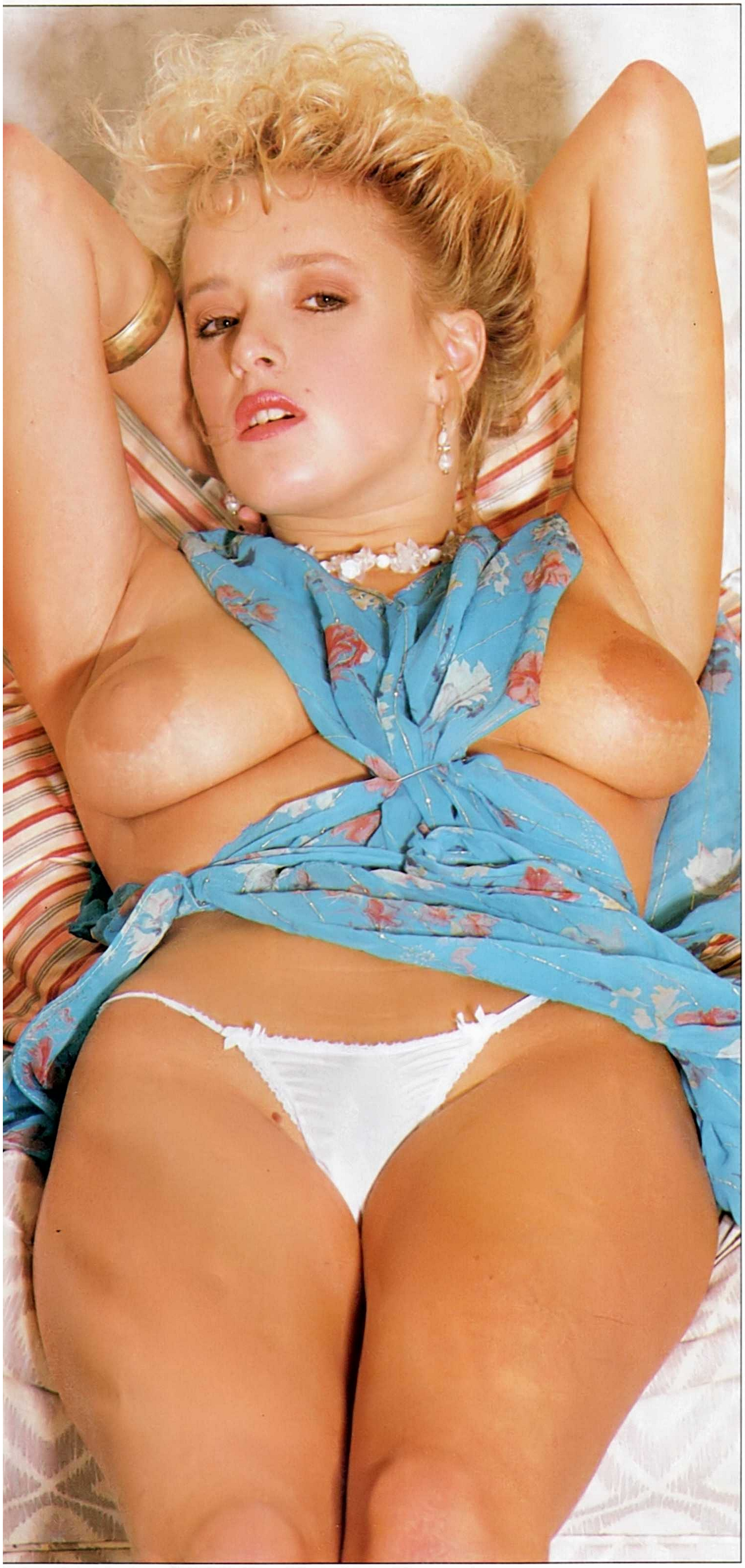


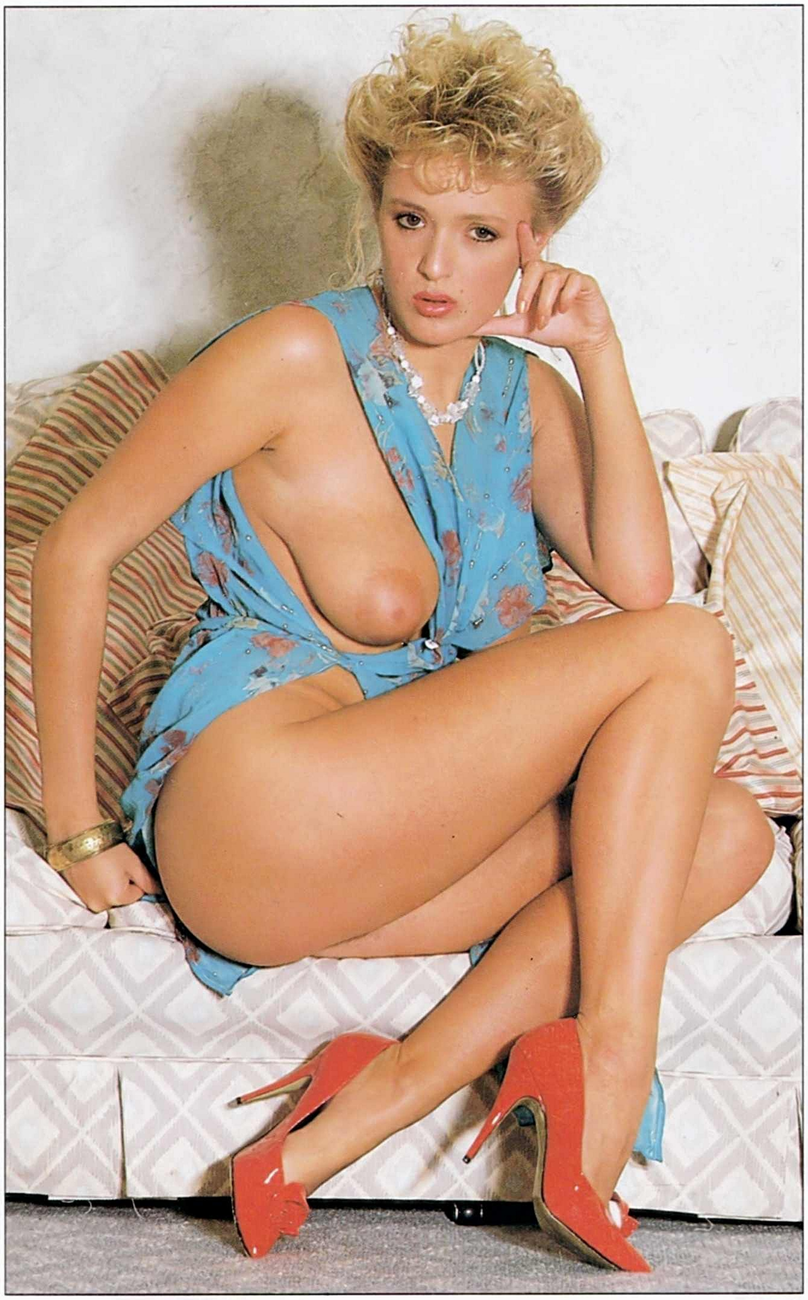
PHOTOGRAPHED BY

Nikki

NIKKI DOWNEY is probably THE model to emerge from the 80s. Her face – and most of the rest of her – are certainly pleasingly familiar to readers of this organ. But there's a side to Nikki that no one's seen before. Until now. We've snapped (no excuses for the pun) her up to show us her skills as a glamour photographer, and to give us the inside info on what *really* goes on at a Club International picture shoot. Look and learn . . .

Today has been the most eventful day I've ever had to get out of bed for! Sitting back in my bed around 2 am it's hard to remember everything that happened, but I'll try to recall all the most interesting bits just for you, boys . . .

I got up early to make sure I had enough time to prepare for the forthcoming shoot. I arrived at the studio and began to sort out all the lingerie that I wanted the model to wear for you. I always start by modelling all the knickers and so on myself



first before the model arrives, so I can examine the way each article fits over the breasts and all the other important areas!

I stood in front of the mirror working out all my poses (and getting a bit carried away, too!) when the phone rang. It was the model agency, telling me the model I had booked couldn't make it today because she had flu. That sent me mad – if I didn't get my photos in the very next day, the Editor would kill me! What was I supposed to do?

"Is there something wrong?" asked Andrew, the make-up artist. I started telling him how the model had flu, and I'd be in terrible trouble, and . . .

"Why don't you ask that horny girlfriend of yours?" he interrupted.

"Which one?" I asked (all my friends are incredibly sexy!).

"You know the one. She's called Laura."

I had to laugh. Laura's my accountant!

"I can't ask her!" I said.

"Of course you can. I reckon she'd be well into it. She likes a bit of a giggle, you know. She always pinches my bum when she comes to sort out the books."

So I thought, what the hell – she can only say no. I rang her, and to my surprise she said yes – but only if she could be photographed in her own house: she said that was the only place she'd feel relaxed. When a girl's got a body like Laura's, you don't argue: we packed all the lights into the car, picked up a bag of sexy lingerie, and set off to Laura's.

I think Laura might have been looking at a few of my photo sets before we got there, because when we arrived she was in a very amorous mood to say the least!

Andrew set to work on her as Graham and I set up the lights. From the noises I could hear from the bedroom, where her make-up was being done, she'd definitely got in the mood already; Andrew started off yelping, and finished up sighing pretty hard . . .

By the time they came out I was so turned on myself, it was hard to keep my mind on the shoot. Laura decided she'd like to start off in the dress she was wearing. I sent the men off to get some wine, and sat down with Laura to start working through a few poses. To get her in the mood again, I decided I'd take all my clothes off apart from my little French knickers. And Laura and I decided that when the chaps returned with the wine they'd have to strip off themselves.

Laura soon found out she had a real taste for making love to the camera. After a few shots in the sitting room she asked to be photographed in the hall, as she had always enjoyed being fucked over the banisters. She turned out to be a real little nympho! After we'd snapped away in the hall for a while, she said she wanted to pose in front of her mirror so she could see herself at work. Now I must admit I found this really horny, too, and even though I had a job to finish I was getting in the mood to put down the camera and get started on something a bit more intimate – so when the mirror started steaming up I thought I'd call an end to the shoot!

All four of us sat around drinking the wine and discussing the day's shoot for a while. Even though it had been Laura's first time, she'd turned out to be one of the horniest girls any of us had ever worked with. We were all turned on, and the atmosphere was electric as we sat around trying to be technical, talking about lights and exposures. It was obviously down to me to make the first move, so I mentioned how wet Laura's pussy looked. Laura had to admit it, so I asked the guys if they shouldn't do something about it. Pretty soon Laura had her ankles round her ears – and the rest, as they say, is history . . .

I'm already planning next month's shoot, and I'm making damn sure I'll have a horny time doing it. In the meantime keep on writing in with your ideas and fantasies: I'll keep on doing my best to fulfil every one of them – I hope my knicks this month were enjoyed by the French knicker fan club! Remember, if you've got a dream – Nikki'll fix it!

Randy as ever,

Nikki

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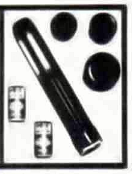

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LETTERS TO Nikki

I want your letters, boys – and I want 'em to be horny! Send your contributions to me – Nikki Downey, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

Dear Nikki,

I was so pleased to learn you have taken up the challenge and become a Club International photographer. Ever since I saw you in Club Vol 15 No 5, I've been one of your many fans and I wish you every success on the other side of the camera.

In Club Vol 16 No 9, you said you would like to hear from the readers as to what they would like you to wear while you are photographing another gorgeous model. So here is what I would like you to dress up in. Firstly, I'd like you to wear a denim jacket (quite a baggy one), then a black, lacy-type bra, a black mini skirt (leather or cotton), then black stockings with, yes, you've guessed it, black slip-on shoes. Then I'd love to see you slowly strip off bit by bit, as in Vol 16 No 9. Please could you do this for me? – Stephen Billon, Edinburgh

Thanks for your very kind letter of encouragement; it's good to know you remember me in Club. And I'm already working on your idea for one of my future sets. But I must ask you why the slip-on *shoes? Could I change them for six-inch stilettos instead? Please write back and let me know.*

Dear Nikki,

I love your new article in Club International. The thought of you and Jo with very little on and your bare flesh touching one another makes my dick swell with spunk.

I think you could do a set of pics as a doctor. Then I could pretend you would examine my dick and take its pulse. I've got to go and wank over the thought. Keep on snapping. – Mike

I am so glad your dick's in good working order. An examination by me in a doc's uniform would inevitably result in a prescription of Club International every month and a wank whenever you felt your dick begin to swell. I will expect a further consultation if the treatment does not work, mind you.

Dear Nikki,

May I first of all say how pleased I am that Club has engaged such an attractive photographer and one who knows a thing or two about modelling herself. Now let me tell you what I should like to see you wearing for work; nothing too concealing for a figure as good as yours. Patent leather shoes with stiletto heels, sheer black stockings and a lacy, white suspender belt should be enough.

One small point; that dark brown bush does not go well with your pretty blonde head. You could perhaps dye it to match; or, better still, shave it off completely, for I am sure your pussy is as perfectly-formed as the rest of you and should be shown to your admirers. – Peter Cassidy, Halifax

I will definitely be using your ideas for a shoot in the very near future. Sorry about the dark brown bush; I've got my assistant on the job as I write. He is in the process of rubbing in the dye (ooh, that tickles!). Who knows, if the colour isn't quite right I may be forced to make him shave my pussy completely!

Dear Nikki,

Your invitation to write to you with ideas for future pic features is very kind, and I advise you to be as daring as possible.

My suggestion for clothes and ideas is simple: use leather, plastic, crinkled silk, jewellery, make-up, masks, feathers, long legs spread wide open, full firm breasts exposed, kinky positions, role play – use as much of all that as you possibly can. Use a combination of dim lights and spots. Make your girls extra randy and exhibitionistic by licking their pussies well before shooting starts. Give the models a good massage by a handsome masseur with sensitive fingers before sessions, and make sure the girls have worked themselves up with penetrations (for instance with ten-inch vibrators) before pic-taking. And please make it very clear to the girls, that on an average half a million men wank themselves silly over the pics, at least ten times per month each, enough to fill up at least 120 bath tubs every month. The girls should know that every day they could take a hot bath in sperm, if they could get all that jism over their bodies. Now a kinky thought: a full-size army of men with huge dicks in their hands wanking themselves silly over you and your girls! Incidentally, I stopped wanking two years ago, but my pleasure to see you naked or dressed in kinky, sexy clothes, well tarted up, is still the same.

Now my fantasy: It is you, Jo Phillips and another sexy girl (maybe Linzi Drew?) and I. We are playing a scenario, where I am the chauffeur of an elegant Rolls-Royce, and you girls are daughters of wealthy men, shopping in Knightsbridge. Then later we go out to a Victorian cottage in Surrey, where I change roles with the butler, and you girls are trying all the clothes you have bought; I serve drinks – and you pose in all kinds of sexy clothes, low-cut dresses, shoes, hats, silk, lace, leather, plastic, and so on. You take pictures, and since I am a photographer I have brought along my hi-tec with the zoom lenses. We can take several rolls of the most kinky pics. – Eric, Switzerland

Why did you stop wanking? I personally think it's a wonderful pastime. I would take it up again if I were you (they say it makes you a better lover).

I must say I prefer to bathe in asses' milk rather than spunk, as asses' milk is a little less sticky. I love your thoughts on being my butler – domestic staff are so hard to find nowadays, especially ones with good old-fashioned kinky tendencies!

Dear Nikki,

Thank you for the letter you sent me – and the black stocking! When I have a wank over your pics I slip it over my cock and dream of you. First of all you dress up as a slut – red bra, red knickers, black suspenders, black stockings, red stilettos, black see-through blouse, tight red mini skirt, ankle bracelet, red choker, plenty of make-up, perfume, and thick scarlet lipstick.

You tell me you are mine for the night; I am to treat you as a sex object. I order you to kneel down, undo your blouse and bra and play with your tits. I stand in front of you, my cock good and hard. You close your eyes, open your mouth and lick your red, horny lips as I wank over your mouth. Some of the spunk you drink down, the rest is around your mouth. I then order you to do a slow strip down to your suspenders, stockings and stilettos. I then go down on you, kissing your sweet cunt.

After a while you are screaming for me to fuck you. I tell you to get on your hands and knees. I fuck you from behind, ramming my cock in and out of your cunt till you scream with joy. When I pull out you take my cock in your mouth and give me the best gobble I have ever experienced; you drink my spunk down and lick your lips. I fuck you again, this time on your back with your legs and arms around me. I talk dirty to you and this turns you on. You shout at me to fuck you hard, then you climax beautifully.

If you answer this letter, will you put on red lipstick and push the paper to your lips? The one thing I love is being sucked off by a pair of red, sluttish lips. I look forward to seeing more sexy pics of you in the future. – Arnold, South Wirral

I'm so glad you received my reply to your first letter! It has occurred to me that you must have the most incredible sex life with an imagination like yours. You have certainly given me some inspiration and ideas for a more athletic approach to sex. ♣

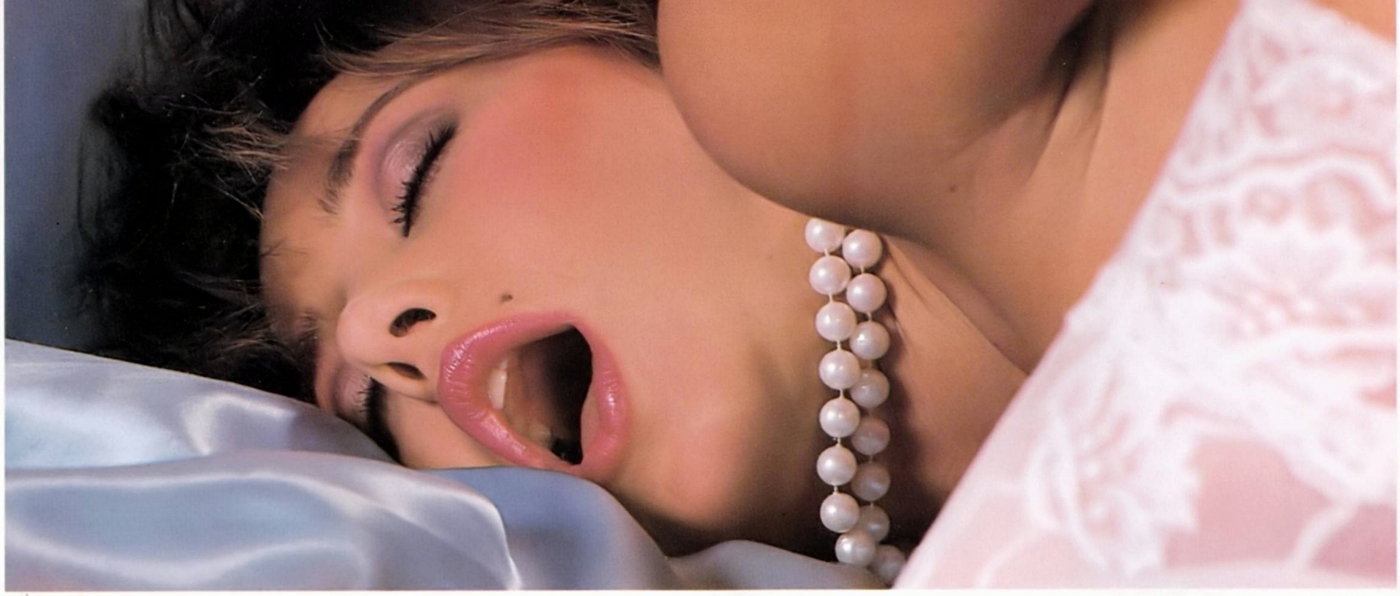
BECKY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM SCOTT

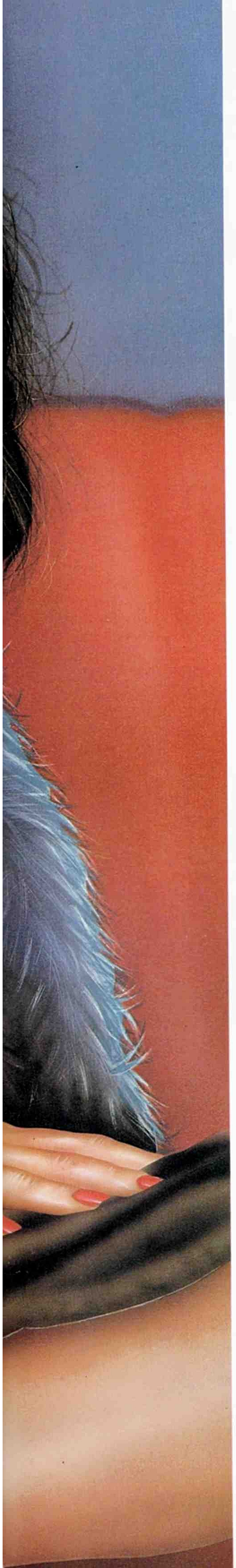
The considerable charms of the delectable Becky are displayed here for your pleasure, and as you can see, she's just bustin' out all over! From the pert pair of tits to the

perfectly-formed nether regions, we can all tell that she's obviously a girl who uses her assets to maximum advantage. Just look at those pouting lips (and we mean both sets)! Who, in possession of all their marbles, could contemplate spurning those sultry glances, the open invitation from those soft

brown peepers. "I'm never short of a male escort, but really I'm looking for that extra special one," says Becky. "In fact, I'm positively dying for it!" ♣



BECKY
club



FICTION

THE PROTECTOR

Jake was just another hustler trying to make a buck: there were a million others like him on the mean streets of Manhattan. But he knew one day he could screw his way to a fortune...

by Jack Valenti

Jake's girlfriend's head bobbed up and down in his lap faster than a kangaroo on a pogo stick. In fact, she gobbled his rod so quick and so hard he thought she might get whiplash. Cupping his balls with one hand and lightly squeezing the base of his slippery pecker with the other, she took him full-length halfway down her open throat like a sex-spiced sausage. Her tongue worked frantically around the head of his engorged, cum-filled prick like it was a cool popsicle in an Alabama heatwave.

Jake deftly tucked one free hand between her quivering thighs, diddling her clit and feeling her already drowning pussy grow wetter and hotter as she fucked his fingers like they were a diamond dildo and her pussy was a poor woman's purse. She was good, Jake thought. They should give this girl a Master's Degree in fellatio. She had a million-dollar mouth that could suck the banana out of the peel and leave the skin intact.

But at the moment it was still no-go for him, cum-wise. Traffic on the way out of Manhattan had been a bitch so far, and there was still a good ten miles to go to get to the airport. Jake sat behind the wheel of the big limousine, working the brake and gas pedal simultaneously to eat up any extra inches of open road that lay in front of him. He silently cursed the city he lived in every time the huge car crawled to a slow stop.

"Oh, Jake, you're so-oo wound up," his girlfriend-of-the-week cooed as she sat up next to him in the front seat, a mixture of saliva and a little premature semen dripping from her pouting lips.

"Let's see, what can I do to relax you?"

With both hands still wrapped hungrily around his massively-hard shaft, and one of her luscious titties poking out from her tube-top, she leaned over to kiss the stubble on Jake's beard and whispered dirtily into his ear: "Oo-oo, I'm so wet, honey. I want you to see how wet you make me."

And with that she leaned back against the passenger-side door and lifted her black-leather mini skirt all the way up her creamy thighs until she exposed to him her pulsating, pantyless cunt. Scents of female musk filled the car while she played with herself and opened up her soaking slit to him. Glancing over, Jake caught sight of her bushy blonde muff and the pinkish pearl of her clit as it stood up at full attention, yearning for his dick or tongue.

While he watched her she lifted up her blouse and played with her busty jugs for him, squeezing the nipples and twirling them until they were hard and pointy, beckoning him to suck them. Without a second thought as to the passenger waiting for him at JFK, Jake steered the limo off to the side of the road, whipped out his incredibly inflated schlong and drove it deep into her. The walls of her pussy felt like moist, ribbed velvet around his tool, and every time he pushed himself deeply into her it squished and squirted like a playful dolphin in a tankful of jelly.

He fucked her first with long, hard strokes, then switched to short, stiff ones, sucking hard on her nipples and cupping her ass-cheeks as she rocked and bucked to one orgasm after another. Finally he finished it off with a record-breaking cum that sent rockets off in his brain and buckets of his jet-propelled semen all over her stomach and tits. She lifted her boobs to her mouth to lick his hot cream from her nipples, then used her fingers to get at the rest, slurping them like she had just finished a bucket of sex-fried chicken.

That made the ride more pleasurable, Jake thought as he manoeuvred the limo back on to the parkway and resumed his path to the airport. With any luck at all and a few short-cuts, he might even make his appointment on time.

What he had expected to find when he finally got there and held up the customer's name on a cardboard sign was just another boring-ass businessman on convention. They would ask him the usual questions: Where do you go to get laid in this town and what's the best fuck show around?

What he didn't expect was the expensive fox-fur coat wrapped around a hundred pounds of gorgeous womanhood that was waiting for him. He almost couldn't believe it when she walked briskly up to him, informed him that he was fifteen minutes late (his girlfriend had wanted another quickie before donning her stewardess uniform), and gathered herself quickly into the car.

He still couldn't believe it while he stared at her in the rear-view mirror, noticing her long, lean legs extending out from the cut of her coat when she crossed them. He couldn't help imagining what those tanned legs would feel like wrapped around him. Whenever she lifted up one and stretched it over the other it was like a long rope uncoiling and folding itself back again. Things like this just didn't happen to Jake. At least they never had before. Maybe his luck was finally changing.

Jake knew class when he saw it, and this lady had money written all over her. Even the twinkle in her eyes looked like dollar signs to him. She cracked the complimentary bottle of champagne in the back of the limo, and downed two glasses fast. Little by little he watched her relax as he drove. She even smiled at him, exposing a perfect row of teeth. Her hard exterior vanished as the myriad of lights blossomed in front of them when they neared the city.

First the coat opened up to reveal a knockout body underneath a slinky, low-cut evening dress. Her firm, full breasts pressed against the thin material like twin missile-heads straining to get off the launch pad. Every time she leaned over to reach the bottle, which was plenty, her pink, thick nipples jutted out from behind the silk like horny pencil erasers, luscious and inviting.

Then when she sat back

Illustration by Duncan Gutteridge

The Protector

and crossed her legs again, slower and slower each time, Jake flashed on the sheerest, scantiest panties lying in between her bare legs. He focused unashamedly on those panties like they were daylight at the end of a long, dark tunnel. He could even see the crease halfway up her slit, and the soft curl of pubic hair twining around the fabric. She crossed and uncrossed her legs a lot, Jake thought. Must be horny as hell after a long flight.

"That's a nice piece you've got there," he said, taking a shot and deciding to go for broke with her.

"Pardon?" she asked, a little flustered.

"That necklace. What's it worth, if you don't mind my asking? Half a million?"

"Hardly," she laughed and stroked the jewels that adorned the tops of her golden mounds. "It's a fake, although no one can tell the difference. The real one's in here." She patted an alligator briefcase lying on the seat next to her. "And it's priceless. In fact, I may need someone like you to do a job for me. I understand you sometimes do . . . what should we call it . . . 'security work'. Are you free tonight?"

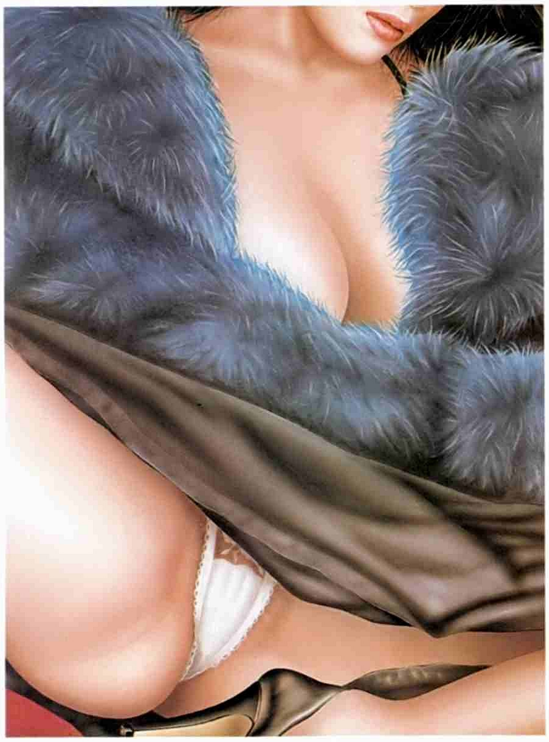
Jake smiled to himself. "I'll *make* myself free."

"Good," she said. "I need someone to guard me while I carry the real necklace up to my room at the hotel, and to make sure no one steals it at night. I know it's silly, hotel security and all, but I'd just feel safer with a big hunk like you watching over them. And me," she added with a lewd grin on her face.

Jake knew who had recommended him for this little job of work: those fancy friends of his back in LA. Every so often they put him up for a nice little number, as a thank you for "services rendered": services that included four years in a California penitentiary taking the rap for a drugs bust. Jake figured they owed him this and plenty more, but he wasn't going to pass up this little instalment on their debt. She was so hot it was hard to choose which was more desirable – her or the necklace.

Jake wasted no time in speeding to the hotel. Up in the room, she excused herself immediately to go to the bedroom and change into something more comfortable. When she returned, wearing only a lace nightie and a dirty smile, Jake nearly jumped out of his clothes. There was no question about what this lady wanted for dinner. She quickly fell to her knees and began sucking him off like there was no tomorrow, licking all the way up and down his throbbing shaft and playing her tongue lightly over his balls.

While she knelt before him, Jake slipped the straps of her nightie off her smooth shoulders and she wriggled out of it. Deftly, he laid himself out on the floor and positioned himself fully underneath her in a heavenly sixty-nine so that her glistening muff was hovering directly above his waiting mouth. Again and again he drove his tongue deep into her sweet carnal core like he was licking the last drop of ice cream out of a deep-dish sundae. She sat up straight and shuddered to an earth-shattering orgasm on top of him, the soft, fleshy mounds of her ass grinding hard into his face, her savoury sex-juice lathering his mouth and chin. She came and didn't stop coming until he thought he'd drown. She was so wet he'd need scuba gear before diving into her again.



"Oh God, fuck me!" she screamed as she continued jerking him off with both hands. "I need to feel your hard cock in my pussy. Please fuck me before I go crazy!"

Before she knew what hit her, Jake was already on top and teasing the opening to her labia by inserting just the tip of his bulging prick. She moaned and begged for him to thrust it full-length into her, but Jake moved slow, savouring the moment. Then, when neither of them could stand it any longer, he plunged quickly into her as smoothly as a lean diver into a warm pool. He got what he had dreamed of – she wrapped those million-dollar legs of hers around him and they began moving in sexual synchronisation, rocking rhythmically back and forth, up and down until their heads were swimming in ecstasy.

But Jake wouldn't stop there. Without wasting a moment he lifted her up and turned her over, entering her doggy-style and pumping away again while she fingered her tits and pussy. When he could no longer hold back, Jake suddenly pulled out of her and spurted a jet-stream of pearl-sized pellets of cum all over her ass and back. She was so covered with jism it looked as though she had gotten herself caught in a tropical sperm storm. Her ass was greased with it and she rubbed it all over her legs and around her snatch, then collapsed beside Jake on the floor and heaved a satisfied moan.

After a cool shower they towelled each other off and headed for the bedroom. Jake asked about the necklace, what he should do to guard it.

"All you have to do is sleep with me," she said sensuously. "Put the fake one in the briefcase and bring me the real one to keep here under my pillow. That way, if anyone breaks in, they'll go for the phoney while we fuck our brains out over a couple of million dollars' worth of jewellery. And it'll keep you honest, since I'm a very light sleeper."

Jake went into the other room and returned with the necklace, then excused himself to make a phone call. The lady walked to the pillow, lifted it up . . . and then paused. A slight smile came to her lips. She turned and went to a large vase standing on the mantelpiece, and dropped the necklace in with a loud clink.

Her firm, full breasts
pressed against the
thin material like
twin missile-heads
straining to get off
the launch pad

She was waiting for him in bed when he got back. "Told the boss I wouldn't be back tonight," he said as he got in under the sheets with her. "Ordered us some champagne as well."

"Terrific!" she smiled as she fondled his rejuvenated meat while they waited for the room service. A few minutes later there was a knock at the door and Jake stood up to answer it. He returned with the chilled champagne. It was going to be a long night – they'd certainly need it.

As Jake opened his bleary eyes in the morning, they slowly focused on the patch of floor where the suitcase should have been. It wasn't. Now he'd have to start giving an Oscar-winning performance if he was going to pull this scam.

Roughly Jake shook the lady awake. "Hey, they took the fake. Look under your pillow, make sure the kosher stones are still there."

She stretched and yawned, and didn't bother to check under her pillow. Getting out of bed, she sashayed over to the mantelpiece and upended the vase. The necklace fell out into her hand.

"It's not that I didn't trust you," she said. "You came very highly recommended from your friends in LA. But there's no point tempting someone with that sort of money, is there?"

"No offence taken," Jake said as he dressed to leave.

"At least they've taken the phoney. Poor bastards, wait till they find out what they're holding isn't worth a hundred dollars. Tomorrow when the stores open I'll have another copy made."

At the door they kissed goodbye for a few minutes, and Jake made a hasty exit towards the elevator. It was Sunday, and she'd have to wait 24 hours to discover he had pulled the switch on her. *Too bad she trusted me to bring her back the real one last night*, he smiled as he stepped back into the limousine, where his friend, who was still wearing the phoney bellboy uniform from the night before, was waiting, still holding the briefcase from the hotel room. Twenty-four hours to sell the jewels, take the money and fly off to Rio. It would be more than enough time.

Sitting in the backseat of the limo for the first time in his life, Jake knew he could get used to this kind of living very easily. She was right, he thought as he fondled the necklace, you really can't tell the difference. As they sped away from the hotel, he figured his luck had definitely changed after all. ♣

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IT TAKES TWO FOR

Linzi Drew!

Forget all the rumours about Linzi Drew – we know her better than most, and we can tell you she's a great model, a charming and very sexy lady, but she's sure as hell no Editor. She likes doing what she's good at – and as we're sure you'll agree, she's pretty damn good at getting friendly with Dawn Beaven (ex-*Club Biker*, remember?) here . . .

"I just love doing a photoset with another girl," says Linzi. "If you're a basically sexy woman like me, it's great to share your fantasies with a woman in front of the camera. In fact, it always gets me so horny that after the session I make very sure

---

Photographs by Dave Antony

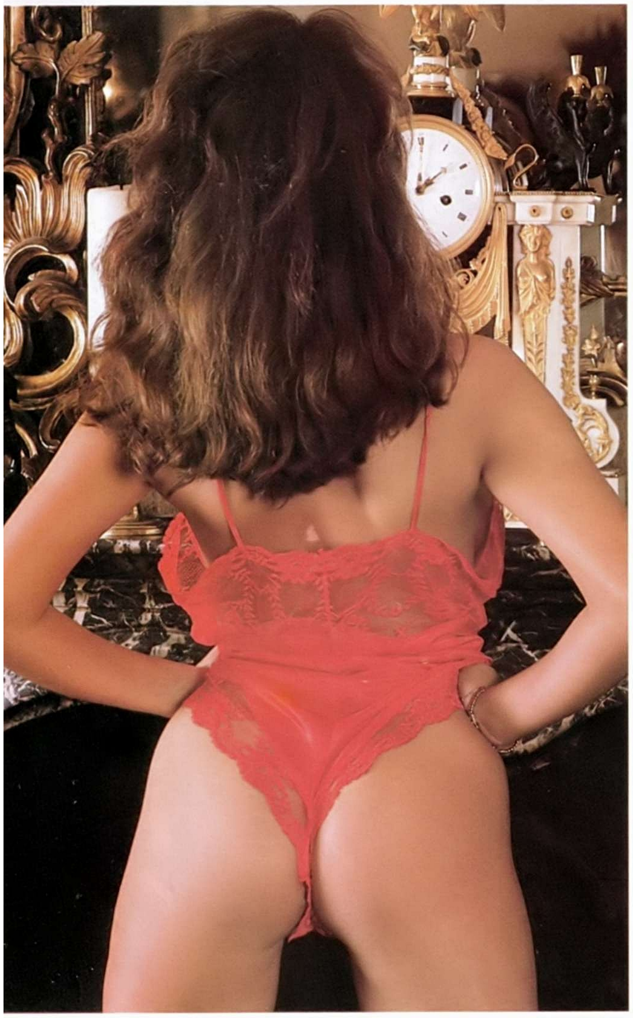
we get down to another 'session' of our own . . ."

Dawn agrees. "It's a real thrill to do a set with an experienced model like Linzi. She's one of the sexiest girls around, and she really knows how to put that across to the camera. ♣

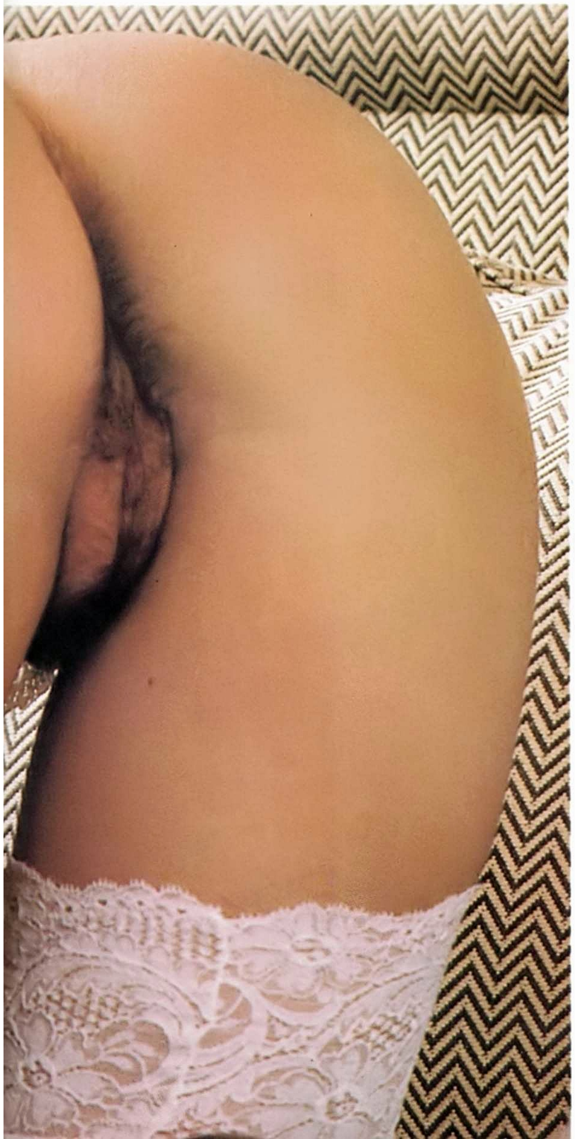
tabitha

Asking some models to talk for a bit so we can write something about them isn't always an easy task – you'd be surprised just how many of the girls in this business are downright *shy*. This, however, definitely

Photographs by Denys Defrancesco



wasn't the case with Tabitha. We asked her a fairly straightforward question about what she likes in a man, and this is what we got: "I like a man who doesn't mind me going on top a lot of the time, because I really get off on impaling myself on a big, stiff cock – and I like to be able to ride it at my own pace. And listen – everything I've said is true, but I wouldn't normally



tell everybody about it. I just assumed I could say things here I couldn't normally. Don't tell the readers that, though, will you?"♣

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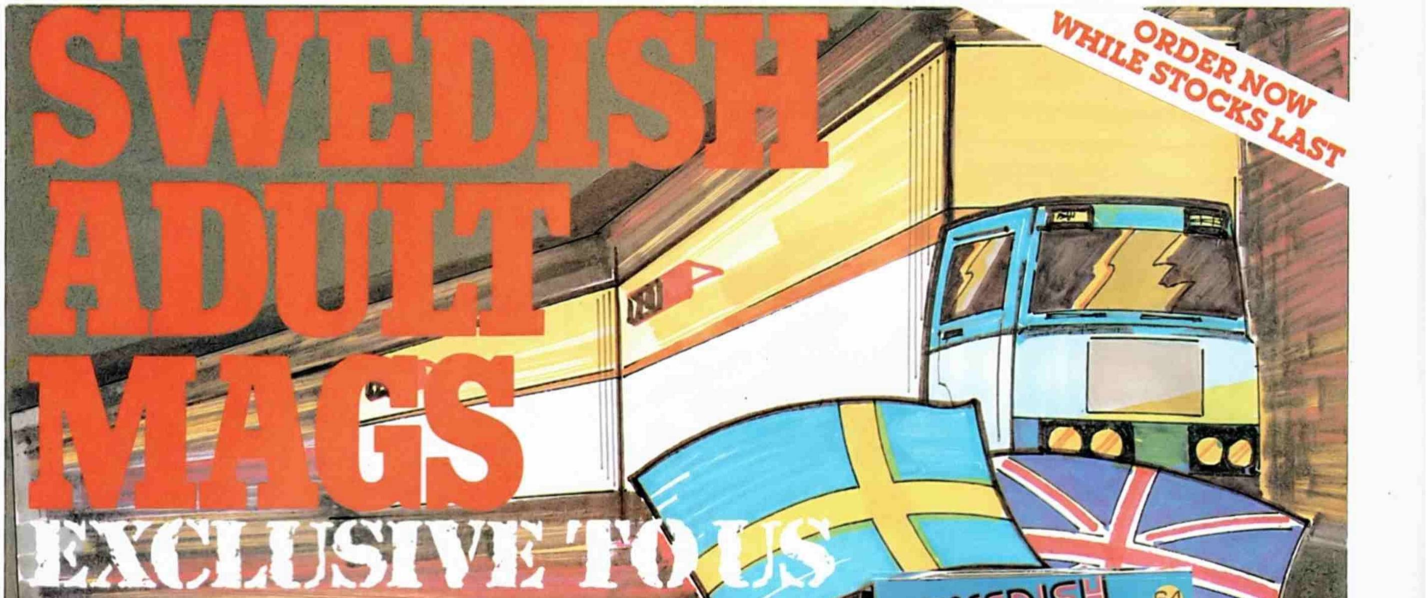

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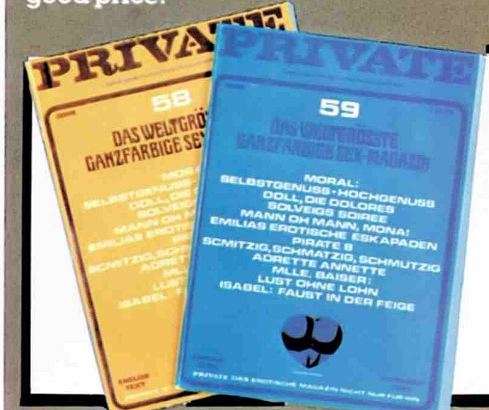

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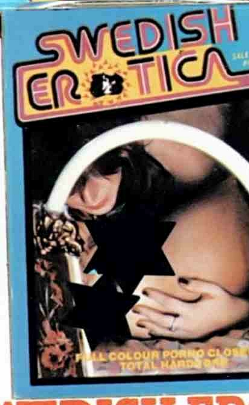

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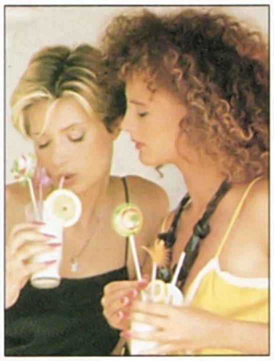
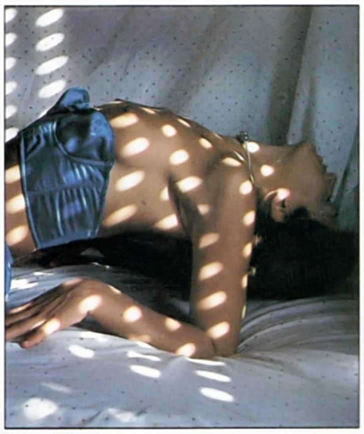
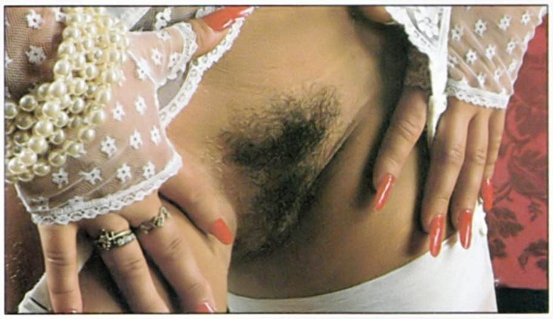
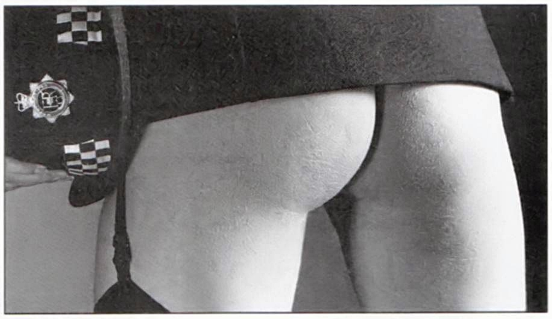








This is the section where you talk to us—and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you'd like to do: we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

Women's Writes

Where the girls get down to business

LEARNER RIDER

Every weekday morning I drop my neighbour's daughter off at her prep school. My husband's very strict and possessive (ugly, in other words) and never lets me go out alone at night, so I have my fun in the mornings instead, when he's at the office. One or two of the daddies who drop their little darlings off in the mornings are really rather tasty, and throughout last Summer term I had my sights set on one in particular, a tall, attractive blond chap in his mid-to-late 30s. Day after day I'd return to my empty kitchen and fantasise on sucking his cock and letting him do dirty things to me in the upstairs bedrooms, but eventually I grew tired of this daily masturbation ritual, and decided it was now or never. At 36 years of age I didn't figure I was getting a day younger, so I plotted his seduction – this time for real.

The very next day, after dropping Lucinda at her school, I sat in the car just around the corner and waited for my dreamy man to appear. He must have known I'd been eyeing him day after day, and when he strolled past with his daughter I caught him doing a sneaky eyes-right. Mind you, he'd have been blind to miss me sitting there with my legs slightly open, my skirt up high enough to reveal my white stocking tops. So I wasn't particularly surprised when he stopped to chat on his way back.

I wound down the window and we struggled, in an embarrassed sort of way, to make small talk. Where he stood, he had a clear view of my legs, and from the way he nervously buttoned his jacket I knew I'd given him a hard-on. My heart was pounding as I summoned up the courage to make my pass.

"Are you doing anything right now?" I asked. "Would you like to come back to my place for breakfast?"

He jumped in beside me and I let him have it from the hip; that I wanted sex, not true love; that if I let him have his way, he wasn't to phone me or become infatuated or go around telling his pals he was in love, or any of that adolescent bullshit.

"Fine by me," he said, so I put his hands between my white stockinged thighs as I drove and said I fancied him like crazy and wanted to sit on his face with my knickers on. I hadn't changed them in two days, I said, and all this dirty talk was making me wet. He took my hand and placed it on his thigh. God, he was big!

Back at the flat I declared I was a naughty girl and stood in the kitchen straightening my white stockings as he sat at the table, drinking coffee and watching, mesmerised. I handed him a photo my husband had taken via remote control just a few days previously, of Manolo our gardener stuck up me doggy-style, and my husband with his pants down, grappling my tits, his huge, hairy dick so deep in my mouth, my cheek was bulging.

"That's the kind of thing I'm into," I said. "Of course, if Harry found out about you, he'd kill you. So! Do you still want to smack my bottom?"

He jumped to his feet, grabbed me, pulled me kicking and struggling across his lap, and I spread my legs in eager anticipation. But instead of raining my bum with stinging blows, he started poking my white silk pantie-crotch into my crevice and prodding my sex-slit with his thumb. He said he wanted to lick me all over and lap my cunt; that there was "no way" he was going home with less than three pairs of my used knickers to wank over. I told him to get undressed.

In the bedroom I stripped down to my white stockings and stepped out of my panties, then I sat lover-boy at my dressing table and held my panties under his nose. I dipped my hand in a pot of cold cream and started wanking him, while we watched one another in the mirror, tongue kissing. I paused and slapped two great dollops of cream on my nipples.

"Cool it, or I'll cum all over the place," he panted.

On the bed I got down on all-fours, buried my face in the pillows and begged him to smear the entire pot of cold cream over my cunt and bottom. I wanted not just to be shagged good and hard, but for him to empty his balls so copiously, the spunk and cold cream would melt together, so warm and slippery that I'd be able to squat astride his face and get *really* disgusting.

The actual fucking was a mere formality; much arse-slapping and calling of dirty names and pausing to shake my tits; grunting away, his nails digging into my hips and his balls slapping against my clit as he stuffed his enormous prick up me to the hilt and stirred it around inside me.

By the time I was ready to sit on his face (sixty-nine style), I was like a tigress in heat. My sex was pouting, deep pink, and flecked with cum and cream as he started to lick, gasping and throwing his head from side to side to catch his breath as I deliberately squashed my cunt over his mouth and nose.

"I'm having so much fun I can't even be bothered to wank you off," I said, wiggling my fanny from side to side. "You're just going to have to do it yourself. Splash it over my tits, if it turns you on."

I can't begin to explain the smug satisfaction it gives a girl to see sperm dripping from her nipples after a session of blissful sex. The icing on the cake, if ever.

Meanwhile, my lover and I are still seeing each other. Apparently he's getting terrible stick from his boss for turning up late at work, but as my pussy is – in his words – "worth dying for", the prospect of being sacked is hardly a deterrent. And anyhow, with looks like his, I can think of at least five lady friends of mine who'd be only too happy to come to his rescue. In return for certain favours, of course! – *Sandy, W. Midlands*

THE WHEEL THING

Traffic congestion in my part of town is so bad, I've just bought myself a trendy new mountain bike. It's a great way of travelling short distances, but I'm really fed up with the sly looks and filthy comments I get from passing motorists. As if that wasn't bad enough, my boyfriend admits that he also finds women on bikes really sexy, and last weekend, when I went back to his place all pissed and randy from the pub, he persuaded me to wheel my bike into his bedroom and sit on it, wearing just my Jane Russell-type seamed stockings and a suspender belt. He seemed to get extremely turned on by the sight of my pussy splayed across the hard, narrow saddle, and he became so agitated that I told him to put himself out of his misery and wank off over me, if that was what he wanted.

I thought I'd come to know my boyfriend pretty well, but this cycling business really shows him in a different light. He says my bottom looks "magnificent" astride a saddle, and he loves having me wank him off while describing how nice it feels having a saddle between my legs, and how it spreads my little lips and makes my clit pop out of its hood.

Balancing by keeping one (high-heeled) foot on the carpet and the other on the bed, I let him lick me before getting into bed. I must admit it's incredibly exciting, but it's so bizarre, I'm beginning to wonder if we're both getting a bit too kinky in our old age. Right now he's restoring an old Vincent motor bike in his garage, and he's desperate to have me sit astride it with my drawers down, with the engine ticking over.

A few years ago a boyfriend of mine gave me a vibrator so that he could have a juicy time watching me play with it, and after a while I discovered I actually preferred the vibrator to his cock. If the same thing happens with this bicycle business, ie I really get a taste for it, then my boyfriend is in danger of becoming the first man in Greater Manchester to be ditched by a girl in favour of a bike! – *Anne, Manchester.*

RUBBER DOLLY

I'm 26 years old, my name's Nicky. I go nightclubbing three, maybe four times a week, mostly to tame clubs like the Mud or the Limelight, but in the bad old days when I was getting through boyfriends more quickly than some of my girlfriends were getting through packets of coke, I used to hang out at a dodgy rubber club in Argyll St. There was no apparent door policy, and the place was full of upfront perverts trying to pick up oversexed young rubber fetishists like me.

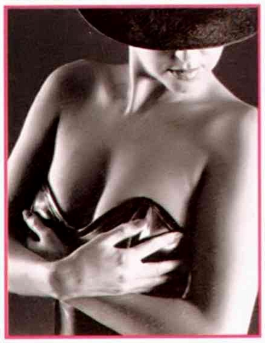
All my rubber outfits were made by a striptease costumier in Berwick St. It was a husband and wife business, and I soon sussed that the old man was a rubber perv, so I always made a point of going to settle my bills when his wife was out on her rounds. I wouldn't bother with changing behind the screen. I'd undress in front of him, dust myself down with talc, and wriggle into his latest creation as he sat at his bench, drooling. I'd wiggle around the room in my high heels, the shiny, taut rubber clinging to my bum, while Solly eulogised manically over his skills – and the turn of my arse.

If it was a skirt, I'd sidle up to Solly and let him peel it up over my behind and caress my powdery, rubbery-smelling bum. I'd be really cruel to him, really insulting. He'd get down on his knees and plead with me to let him lick me.

"Christ, Solly!" I'd say, and deliberately stub my cigarette out on one of his unfinished garments. Then I'd put my hands on my bottom, prise my buns open, and let him slobber to his heart's content. In actual fact it felt quite nice.

Other times I'd simply sit on his bench with my legs apart, all slaggy in black rubber stockings and matching peephole bra, and let him finger me. He always liked wearing white latex gloves for this, probably fantasizing he was some kind of medic and I was a patient who got her rocks off being examined. "Patient" is about right: patient at letting him do all those filthy things to me in the first place.

And it was all just to command maximum attention down the club. Some nights, if all I wanted was heavy sex with no emotional involvement, I'd wear a rubber mask or a hood, go into the lavs and cruise the kinkiest sex on offer. The doors of the gents and ladies had long since been kicked off their hinges, and once you were in the throne room it was totally "anything goes". You'd see old brasses leaning up against the urinals, skirts up to here, and dirty old rubber freaks kneeling in the wet, plating them off. Blokes would stand about the place watching and tossing off, and the cubicles were always occupied by couples and threesomes getting down to heavy oral.



My little kink has always been for taking cock from behind, preferably standing up against a nice cold, tiled lavvy wall, or standing astride a toilet bowl and clinging to the cistern! Masked or hooded-up, I'd stand there at the club and take all the prick there was going, and at chucking out time I'd slip into my old silver fox coat, hail a cab and sneak back to the suburbs, just like I'd spent the night dancing with a nice car salesman at Stringfellows.

I've got a regular boyfriend now and he refuses to let me go out in rubber. He insists I keep it for bedroom use only, but that's a complete waste of time because he gets so excited watching me sit in front of him in my rubber stockings playing with my vibrator, he comes in three minutes. It makes you wonder what a girl has to do to get good sex these days, doesn't it? – *Nicky, London SE13*

On the job

Workers' playtime with a bang

The trouble with ballet is, it purports to be an art form, yet all it's really about is the mindless pursuit of physical perfection. You slave and starve and mess your feet up from ages 6 to 15, and suddenly some mincing limpwrist informs you your boobs are too big, your legs are too long, or your bum's the wrong shape. That's it, end of story, no matter your spirit's broken and your poor old mum's close to topping herself.

Or you might find the *premiere danseuse* standing between you and a future at Sadler's Wells happens to be a dyke, who'll only put in that all-important word on your behalf if you agree to having her slip the better part of her hand into your vagina while her old biddy friends sit around sipping tea, saying: "My, see how she likes it! Give her a little more, dear!"

It's perfectly true, it happened to a friend of mine and no, she didn't like "it" the least little bit. Me, I made the mistake of falling head over heels in love with an old roué of a choreographer, one of the few straight ones in the business, when I was still at ballet school, scarcely 18 years old. I could hardly disguise my fascination for the contents of his leotard, and he knew it.

Late one evening he sneaked into the shower when I was all alone. I looked around, startled, to see him standing there all lean and muscley wearing just his leotards, so wet through they were almost totally transparent. His prick was already at full mast, probably inspired by his first sighting of my neatly-cropped pubic bush, and his great big purple knob protruded over the top of his waistband. He grabbed me and tried to put his tongue in my mouth and squeezed my bottom, clearly taking me for yet another innocent young virgin.

Why spoil his fun, I thought? Why tell him I'd been fucking boy soldiers from the nearby Divisional HQ throughout the summer? So I played along.

Oddly enough, though I'd had several pricks between my legs, his was the first I'd ever tasted. I let him push me to my knees, then suddenly I turned the tables and came on like the demon slut. I took hold of the crotch of his sodden leotard, tore a gaping hole in it, and lifted his prick out. With near-scalding water cascading over us I sucked him off like a real expert, and to this very day I

doubt it's ever crossed his mind he was my first blowjob.

The trouble was, some snide little bitch snitched on us to the principal. The choreographer was warned-off the school for life, and I was ignominiously expelled.

"I'm sure you'll find work in one of those scrappy disco dancing troupes," said the principal, scathingly. "But then again, you were always more Top of the Pops than Sadler's Wells, weren't you, dear?"

I left feeling incredibly bitter and hard done by. I'd worked so hard and for so many years, abandoning a formal education for a life devoted to ballet, and all of a sudden I was alone in a crummy £25 a week Earl's Court bedsitter with nobody to turn to for help. I decided I loathed ballet, and set about concocting a scheme to debase it in the most sacrilegious way possible.

In order to make ends meet I started posing for various porn magazines, or "sex manuals" as they were known in the 70s. I got to know the photographers and agents, and became acquainted with a bloke called Yuri, the link man between the West End model agencies and the Scandinavian hardcore outfits, who even in those far-off days paid £500 to a pretty girl to do ugly things.

Yuri's little scam was (a) to rake off a 15 per cent finder's commission and (b) to run an entirely unauthorised audition.

"If you think you're up to full scale hardcore," he said, unzipping his leather jeans, "come here and prove it."

Yuri was deeply perverted. Stories of the antics he'd got up to with other girls made me shudder, but when my turn came, he was (thankfully) less demanding. He sat on his desk with his rampant, dribbling prick poking through his fly, unbuttoned my blouse, and played with my boobs until my nipples were hard. Then he handed me a French letter.

"Tie it around the base of my cock and knot it round my balls," he said. "Then wank me off. Say dirty things while you're doing it. Say you adore me, say you want to marry me and be my sex

On the job

Workers' playtime with a bang

slave!"

Much as I adore sex, I was glad to escape from Yuri's office that fateful Friday afternoon with a return plane ticket to Copenhagen, no worse off than a confiscated pair of panties and a torn, cum-stained blouse. Sure, the £500 a day would be terrific, but that was nothing compared to the golden opportunity that lay ahead, the once-in-a-lifetime chance to defile and despoil the name of ballet.

Luckily, the director at Blue Climax Studio turned out to be English, a wonderfully jaded old pouf called Michael, whose creative juices for this, his 115th porno epic, were by his own admission completely drained. So when I said I had a brilliant idea, he listened.

"I'll dance like I've never danced before," I said. "Swan Lake, if it turns you on. Just imagine the opportunties you'll get to dress your lovely young men in leotards!"

The idea worked, whatever way you looked at it. The chance to get the studio studs into ballet gear proved irresistible to Mike (just as I'd hoped), while a film set comprising merely of a wall-rail and a parquet floor made good economic sense. That was it, then. I'd bun my hair, wear a frou-frou, dramatic makeup, the works. Everything, in fact, bar my tights. I'd turn a beautiful ballet into a whore's tableau and there, clearly visible on my headband, would be my old ballet school's monogram for all to see.

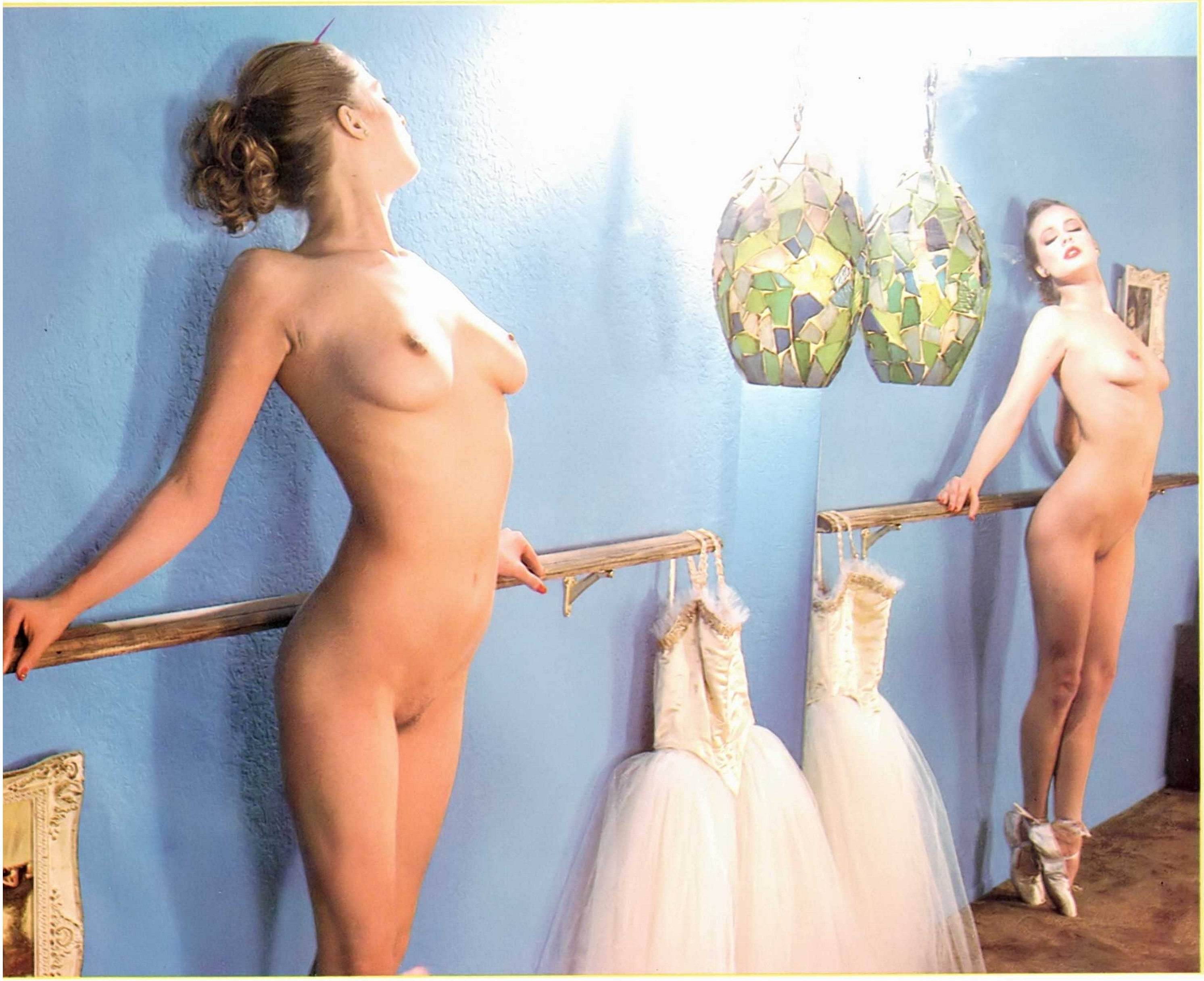
Come the day, the studio was cold and Todd and Jackie, my two West Indian "co-stars", stood shivering in their jockstraps in front of the fan heater. For a full ten minutes I danced to the very best of my ability, pirouetting pantieless, my cunt glistening with sweat, a series of impeccably-executed arabesques leading up to the arrival stage-left of my two sleazy, absurdly over-endowed cohorts, replete with bodystockings and pan make-up. My double-jointed cavortings had already coaxed phenomenal erections in them both.

"Strip her, you guys!" bubbled Mike, enthusiasm recharged. "Give the little ballerina plenty of lovely black prick, as strong as she wants it. Lots and lots of nice kinky profile stuff, don't forget!"

I clung to the rail, facing the wall, as Todd thumbed my bottom open and introduced the head of his tool into my slippery vulva. I bent my knees balletically and pushed down, taking his ten-inch cock all the way to the root, and turned sideways to enable the cameraman to focus on the all-important profile: tiny, svelte little tight-ass me, playing hostess to one of the most lecherous, biggest-hung studs in the business.

I'd hardly had time to adjust to his astonishing girth when black Jackie, a handsome, rasta-haired keep-fit freak and former TV wrestler, gently took my hands from the exercise rail and placed them on his hips. One look at his thumping hard-on told me what was expected, and with his chum's length so rigidly embedded in me from behind, I lowered my head and started to lick and suck.

Just when I was beginning to think £500 a day for such an exquisite sexual experience was very easy



money indeed, I received a singularly unattractive reminder of what was really expected of me in the form of a mattress, unceremoniously kicked on to centre stage by an irate studio boss.

"Enough of this ballet bullshit," he said in his flat, nasal Copenhagen accent. "You boys fuck, and no mistake it!"

I lay flat on my belly, legs spread, as Todd positioned himself behind me between my knees and started on me again, this time with a strength that had my bottom fat (or what little there was of it) rippling each and every time he shoved home. Jackie sat in front of me, squeezing and kneading my nipples as I wanked and sucked in unison, and suddenly the most powerful orgasm of my life was shooting through my poor, ravaged pussy.

I'd hardly had time to catch my breath when a second pair of studs – bearded, tattooed, and Danish – were sent to have their way with the pretty English ballerina, and somehow I not only managed to drain their balls within five minutes, but sustained an even more powerful climax in the process.

On the job

Workers' playtime with a bang

Later on I watched the video replay with the hand of Lasse, the humourless studio boss, thrust firmly up my skirt, a small price to pay for a film I was assured would be distributed throughout Europe and the USA.

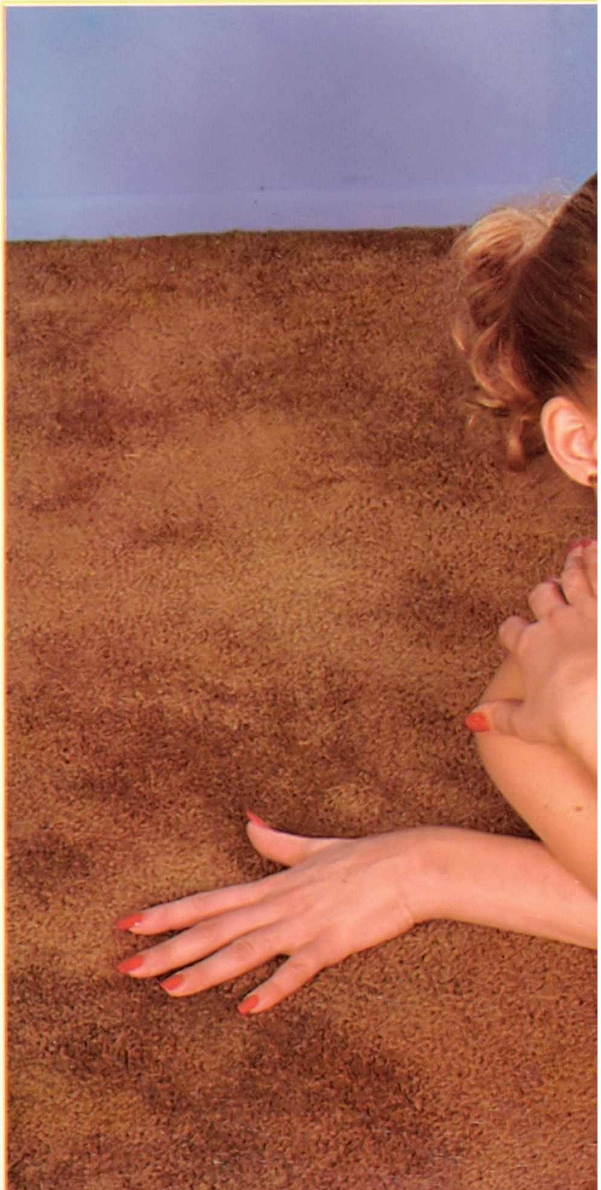
"Later, you come my apartment. I pay you double for fuck lovely blonde wife," he whispered odiously, guiding my hand to his loaded crotch.

"No way," I replied, very relieved I'd insisted on being paid in cash, up front. "Plane to catch."

Things started to pick up. After a spell dancing on Off Broadway with a jazz troupe, I worked in Italy with a famous couturier. I'll call him Alain. The crossover between dance and fashion was a mutual fascination, and I spent many evenings dining with him and his girlfriend at his outrageous Milan apartment.

Alain's girlfriend at that time was Sita, a six-foot-four Ethiopian clotheshorse who'd acquired a certain notoriety in the 60s, due in no small part to being "apprehended" at Geneva airport with three kilogrammes of Jamaican ganga secreted in her luggage. Whether Alain knew what we were up to as he was feeding his face with osso buco, it was difficult to tell, but Sita would sit at the table with her legs apart and I, seated opposite, would slip my foot between her thighs, my big toe coming to rest an inch inside her sex.

After dinner, Alain's artistic pretensions would disappear with his umpteenth glass of grappa, and I would provide the cabaret, displaying my double-jointed, balletic contortions naked on his 12-foot long leather Memphis couch. Best of all he enjoyed my ability to fold my ankles behind my neck, and he and his gorgeous girlfriend would draw their chairs up close and tickle my fanny together, gently opening me up and



On the job

Workers' playtime with a bang

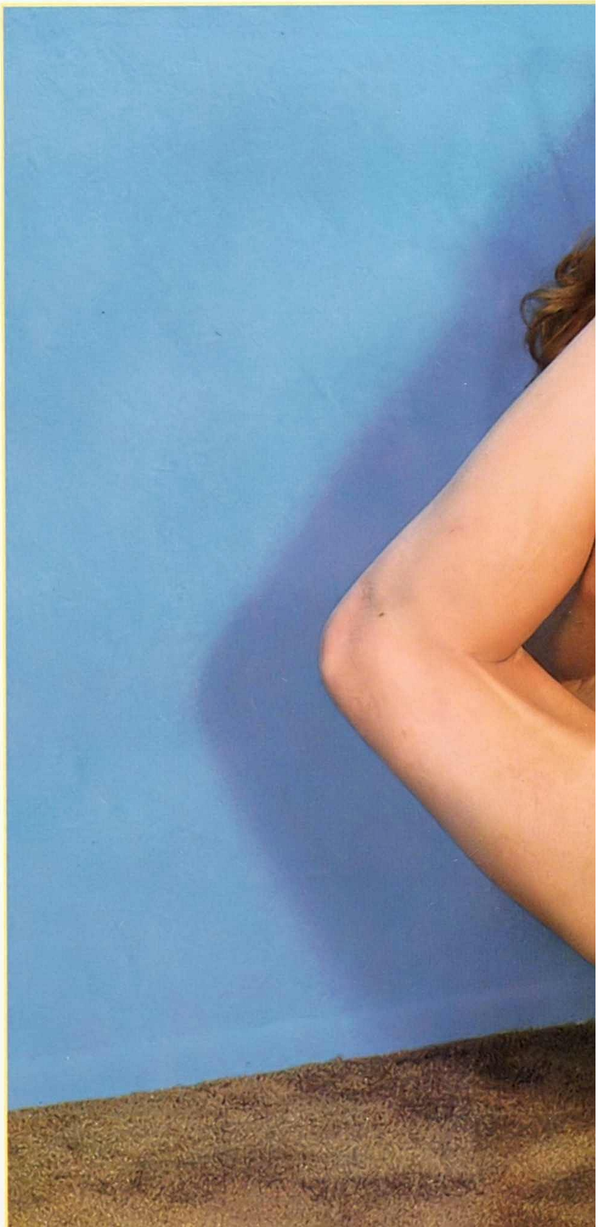
babbling enthusiastically in crazy-sounding Milanese over the joys of my pussy.

Each and every night it was exactly the same. Sita would get the hump with me and my saucy antics, and she'd stomp off to her bedroom and sulk, leaving Alain pissed and licking cassata directly from my orifice and saying (quite untruthfully) that he'd get me lucrative modelling jobs on *Vanity* or *Uomo Mare*, just so long as I did him "zis" dirty little favour, or agreed to partake of "zat" little kink. Almost inevitably, I'd end up masturbating him between my stockinged feet (great foot fetishists, the Italians, just in case you didn't know) and Sita would emerge from the bedroom, beefed-up on swigs from her hipflask, propped up on spike-heeled fetish thigh boots, to take control of the evening's festivities. I thought the riding hat, the red leather jodhpurs and the loop-tipped riding whip looked just terrific, though thankfully the whip never came into play, leastways not in my presence.

Sita gave the best head I've ever had from another girl. She'd always have a bottle of aqua minerale on hand to wet her whistle, and the only quirky aspect of her devotions was her insistence on chain smoking from start to finish. She'd inhale, blow the smoke to left or right, then resume her task with all the studied devotion of a painter or musician. And isn't cunnilingus an art form, too?

All the while, Alain would hover in the background, all Warhol-like with his bloody Polaroid. If the mood took him, he'd drop to his knees to screw Sita from behind as she continued to lick.

Sometimes I'd be invited to spend the night. Other times, when they wanted to



be alone, I'd catch sight of a little mirror on the bedside table, and wonder what on earth it was they got up to in my absence. Very debauched people, these Italian aristos, and there's nothing to indicate they've evolved a great deal since the days of the Borgias.

1982 was Alain's big year – as it was for Italian designers in general – and it really helped put me on the map, albeit in a roundabout sort of way. He put me in touch with a Canadian choreographer, who encouraged me to audition for a new production to be staged in Monaco. I got the job, and for the first time in eight years, returned to classical ballet. The punishing physical discipline helped to restore me to great mental as well as physical shape, and with my confidence fully restored I started to look for a lover who wanted me enough to be able to tolerate all the hassle of living with someone perpetually on the move.

Nowadays I use sex to relax more than a means of relieving my frustration. I come home at night sweaty and aching, almost as desperate for the Jacuzzi as for my new lover's cock.

Him? I shouldn't really tell you his name, save to say he's the keyboards player for a rising electro band. He's brilliant and I'm positive he's going to make it, but even if he doesn't there'll always be a warm bed for him to come home to and a lithe, lissom, supple-jointed prima ballerina to slide up and down on his exquisitely pretty prick while he lies there reading *Melody Maker*.

Not very sophisticated, I agree. But considering he's only just 18 years old and possessed of the remarkable gift of keeping it up all night (when called for) I really shouldn't grumble! – *Sue*

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Lay lady lay

Sex with style from the rock 'n' roll years

On these chilly evenings I like to curl up in front of the fire and think about the sun. I let my kimono fall open and look down at my body, glowing in the firelight. I have a tan, a good tan – that's my main project every summer. But my breasts are white, milky white globes resting full and relaxed against the coffee-cream sheen on my body. And further down, just a narrow white strip around my hips.

In the old days I always wanted an all-over tan, a smooth, flawless satiny finish from toe to forehead. Sally caught me once lying on my face on the terrace of our villa in Ibiza, holding my buttocks wide apart! "Very nice," she said, "but why?" I had to giggle – I even wanted that secret cleft to be as evenly brown as the rest of me. Sally, tossing her head back, giggled and pushed her finger into my pussy which brought me to my senses.

But then a summer came along when I didn't have a chance for nude sunbathing. I wore my briefest bikini and ended up with dead white tits and that white patch further down. And along with the summer came Bill who just drooled over me. The whiteness of my breasts and my backside drove him to distraction, so these days – even when I have a chance – I keep my bikini on.

Sally's finger up my pussy was something I'd got used to in those days. Mostly I preferred it when it was her tongue, but she always kept the nail of her right forefinger closely trimmed. She'd stick the finger in her mouth, sucking on it and giving me that knowing, inviting look and I'd shiver in anticipation.

Sally and I met on the floor in someone's front room in Fulham. It had been one of those parties we had in those days. I was with a guy called Bob and that night he really pissed me off, always wanting to fuck me anywhere and everywhere. Now, a girl doesn't usually mind that – well, *this* girl certainly doesn't – but there was something crass and crude about him. So I sent him packing. Couldn't get home myself, so I crashed on the settee. Next thing I knew this other girl slumps down beside me. We have a fag and a chat. I remember one thing she said, which chimed in with my own mood. "It's not the cock I got fed up with – it was the bloke attached to it."

She was about my own age, but somehow seemed older, as if she'd been about more. "Ever made it with another girl?" she asked casually.

I hadn't, but considering the mood I was in – feeling wound up and randy but with no Bob to satisfy my lust – I was suddenly attracted to the idea. "No," I said. "What would we do?" Next thing I remember, we're lying there naked on the floor. "I'll show you," said Sally and put her finger at the base of my throat. And then slowly, very slowly, she traced a line down the middle of my body. She kept licking her finger so it was always wet and slid lightly over my flesh. It went down my body, in between my breasts, over my belly and down directly on to my clit. She just pressed there and started to make tiny circles around it, round and round, scratching at my hairs but never actually touching it, just getting close, putting on the pressure. I gasped; suddenly I seemed short of breath, I was panting – hyperventilating they call it – and I arched my back and almost without realising what I was doing thrust my pelvis up, offering myself to her, my legs spread wide apart. I was offering her my clit, my cunt – everything I'd got.

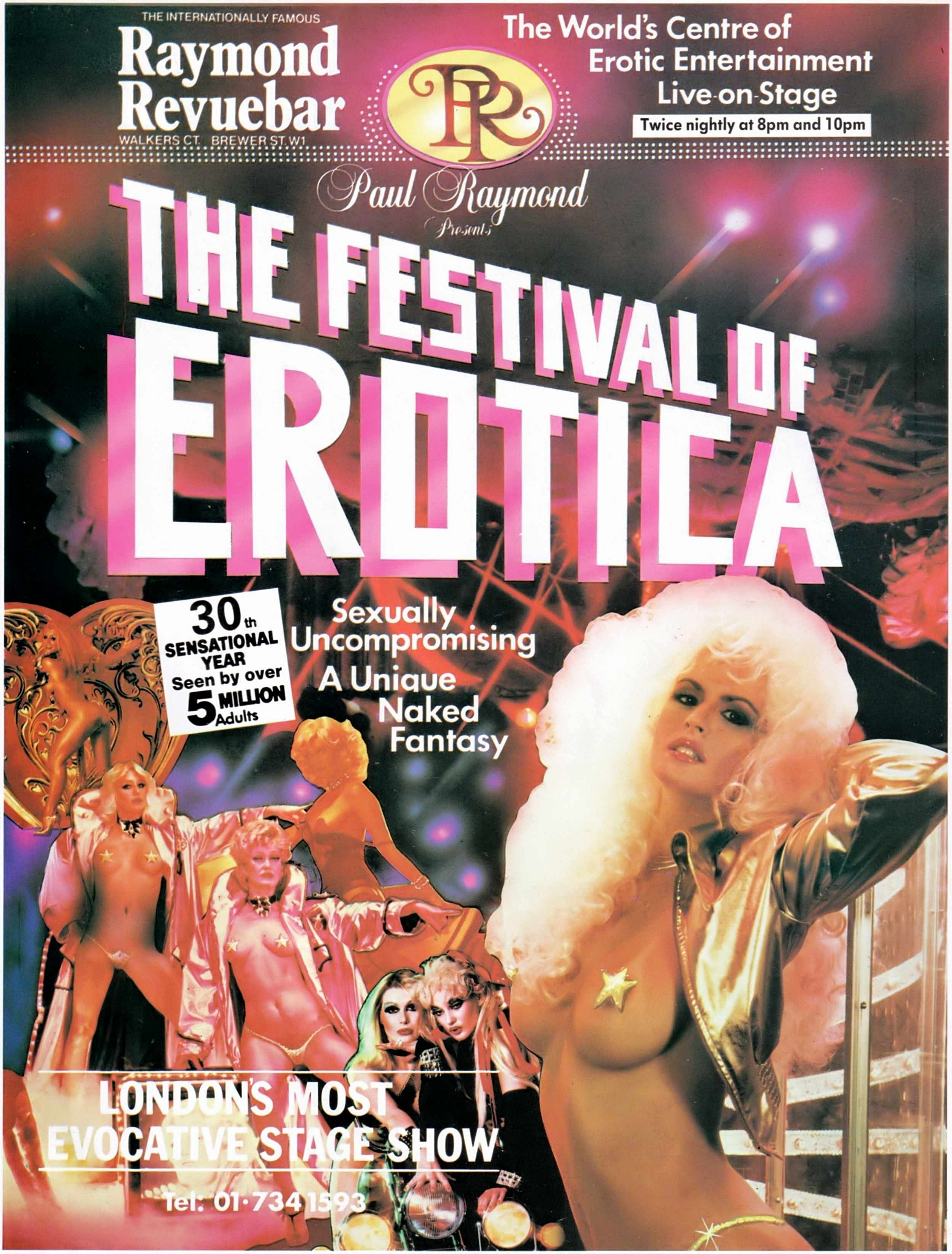
With Bob it had always been a rush, a grope, a fumble and in it'd go. It was more than six inches long and pretty thick so it certainly filled my basic needs. But this was different – slow, smooth, dreamy. Sally went down on me with finesse. Her tongue flicked and licked, lapped and slurped around my aching cunt. She was bent over me and her small, flattish breasts swung just in front of my face making themselves into neat little pointed cones of flesh. I was probably a bit over-eager at first, but she showed me how to do it properly and soon I was handling her like she was some precious ornament, something like amber which seems to sweat and glow when you touch it.

I wanted to touch her cunt as well, but I felt nervous. She was doing wonderful things to mine, though, so I stroked her hips and found my way down and under. Her pubic hair was much sparser than mine – that's because she's a blonde, of course – and I soon had my hand clasped around the delicate folds of flesh. She was sopping wet and I remember feeling pleased that I'd turned her on so much.

It was the start of a great relationship. We were both still into blokes but always came back to each other. She taught me a lot and I passed a lot of her technique on to some of the men I was having at that time. I taught them to go slower, to use their cocks for other things than fucking . . .

That summer Sally and I decided to go on holiday together. We borrowed a friend's villa in Ibiza. Now, in those days Ibiza was a bit different from what it is now. No high-rise hotels, no hordes of families and kids on the beaches, no fancy prices. It was very simple and primitive and attracted some really interesting people.

That summer we had cocks of every nation – hard, circumcised African ones that found their way in like guided missiles; fat fleshy German ones; suave French ones and quite a lot of nicely tanned Spanish ones. We swam naked every morning and snoozed away the afternoons at the villa, usually on the shaded terrace. That's where Sally caught me trying to get my arse crack brown! She knelt beside me, sucked her finger and slowly inserted it in my pussy. Then she took over with her tongue and I knew what was coming next. She knelt between my legs and put her hands on my hips, lifting me up a little. My cunt provided the target and her nose was soon buried in my



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Lay lady lay

Sex with style from the rock 'n' roll years

flesh and damp hairs, bringing me to several mighty orgasms.

In the evenings we'd get out to do the bars. Usually we'd wear tight, flared jeans and shirts – nothing else. We could unbutton the shirts as far as we wanted – or all the way. One night I was feeling devilish. I went to the ladies at this club we were at and when I came out a chap was waiting outside (it was the same loo for everyone). As I eased past him he reached out and slipped his hand into my shirt, straight on to my bare breast, and started to finger my nipple. I should have slapped him, I suppose, or kneed him in the balls. But I just stopped, gave him a half smile and ripped the rest of the buttons open. He pulled my shirt wide open to get an eyeful of my tits. I looked at him with a challenge in my eyes. Life was like that then. I was ripe for anything going.

His name turned out to be Jesus and he came from Bilbao in northern Spain. He bought us Bacardi and Cokes and sat with us. I couldn't tear my eyes from his bulge. No underpants, that was obvious, you could see every detail through his thin white trousers. They say women don't notice things like that. Well – this lady does.

When we said he could walk us home he grinned like a dog with three tails. I gave him a brandy and Sally went off to make coffee. I saw no point in messing about, so I just moved in on him, plonked myself on his knee, took his face between my hands and gave him a full deep kiss straight on the mouth. In seconds my shirt was on the floor and he was licking and sucking at my breasts, his hands moving up and down my back and trying to get into the waistband of my jeans. I leaned back so he could unzip me and push his hand inside, then I stood up in front of him. He tugged my jeans down over my hips and pulled me to him, burying his mouth over my snatch. I felt his hungry tongue working, his hands pushing up between my thighs, his thumbs pushing my lips apart.

I pushed him back until he was almost lying in the chair. Then I kicked off my jeans and climbed on to his lap again, but this time I spread my thighs and balanced myself over his face, offering him everything. He ate me like I was a three star meal, his hands clutching at my buttocks. Over his head I saw Sally come back into the room; she caught my eye and winked.

By this time I was getting into my stride, bumping my pubic bone against his nose, working myself up to a rhythm. Then for a second he stopped and gasped. Then he groaned and went at it again, faster and harder. I knew what had happened. I glanced over my shoulder.

Sally was kneeling between his outstretched legs. She had unzipped him and was rolling his thick, hard cock between the palms of her hands. I could see what it looked like – a massive white column rising rigid from a nest of thick black hair. I watched as Sally's rich red lips hung poised over the knob, then opened slightly and slipped down over his burning flesh. Sally knew how to use her mouth and Jesus was getting the benefit of it – and I knew how bloody good that could be.

Stripped, he looked good – tall, slim and very hairy. His cock stuck out at right angles to his body, the foreskin pulled tautly back to reveal a well-formed mushroom head. He was lying on the floor, Sally and I stretched naked either side of him, both of us teasing him with our fingers, our feet, our mouths. One of us would kiss him and the other suck him, then we'd run our wet mouths all over his body. We pulled his legs apart and sucked on his balls. I tried to bite my initials on his right buttock. We never let him get up; he had to lie there all the time. Sally and I were in charge; we were calling the shots and Jesus could like it or lump it. It seemed pretty clear he was liking it.

After a break for brandy and coffee we started again. He seemed to have amazing stamina – he never lost his hard on once, nor did he seem to have to hold himself back from coming too soon. Then we got him down on his back again. Sally squatted over his face and we both watched as she poured a trickle of brandy down her belly so that it soaked into her blonde hairs. Then she lowered that neat little snatch on to Jesus.

His thumbs opened her tiny lips to reveal the crinkled flesh inside, the pinkness and dark aromatic warmth. His tongue flicked out and I watched his cock seem to grow even stiffer and start to throb. I took it between my palms and massaged him, then licked the tip, then slurped a saliva rich tongue up and down its length. I cradled his balls, feeling them grow hard and tight against his body as his excitement grew.

I knelt over him and carefully guided his weapon into my cunt. I let it stay for a minute, just poised in the entrance. Then I sank firmly down and felt it plunge inside me, filling every corner of my aching hole with its hot flesh. I slid up and down, fingering my clit and watching Sally slide up and down on his face. Then she reached out and touched my breasts as only she can, teasing my hard nipples with her fingernails. We leaned towards each other and our faces met in a deep kiss as Jesus exploded inside me. We felt his body bucking and writhing in ecstacy underneath us. His come was running down my thighs but he still didn't stop pushing up and thrusting at me.

In those days I had an all-over tan. Today, when I look at my body in the firelight, I remember Sally with her long blonde hair, and myself – brown naked nymphs in the sunshine. I'm expecting her to call any minute now. She quite likes the white breasts I have now, pale alabaster against my tanned body, and I know her fingers will dive down to that other white patch . . . the one between my legs. – *Marion, Cambridge* ♣

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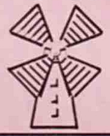

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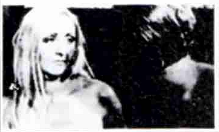

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All that went for a burton when we saw the pictures. What these five lively young ladies got up to has as much to do with snooker as Bob Monkhouse has to do with telling a good joke. Not an awful lot, in other words.

Thankfully, though, we've become rather used to all this mayhem on an *Event* shoot, where obeying the rules takes a distant second place to getting in some nice pictures of bums, tits and fannies. And there are certainly enough of *them* here to make Dennis Taylor's glasses steam up.

Of course, it goes without saying that some very, very naughty things were done with the cues, but you'll just have to use your imagination there.

We showed the pics to one of our contacts in snooker, who, while impressed by what he saw, thought it unlikely any of the nubiles would make it into a major tournament. "None of them are wearing a tie, you see," he said. Ah, well; we'll know better next time. ♣

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICK GURGUL

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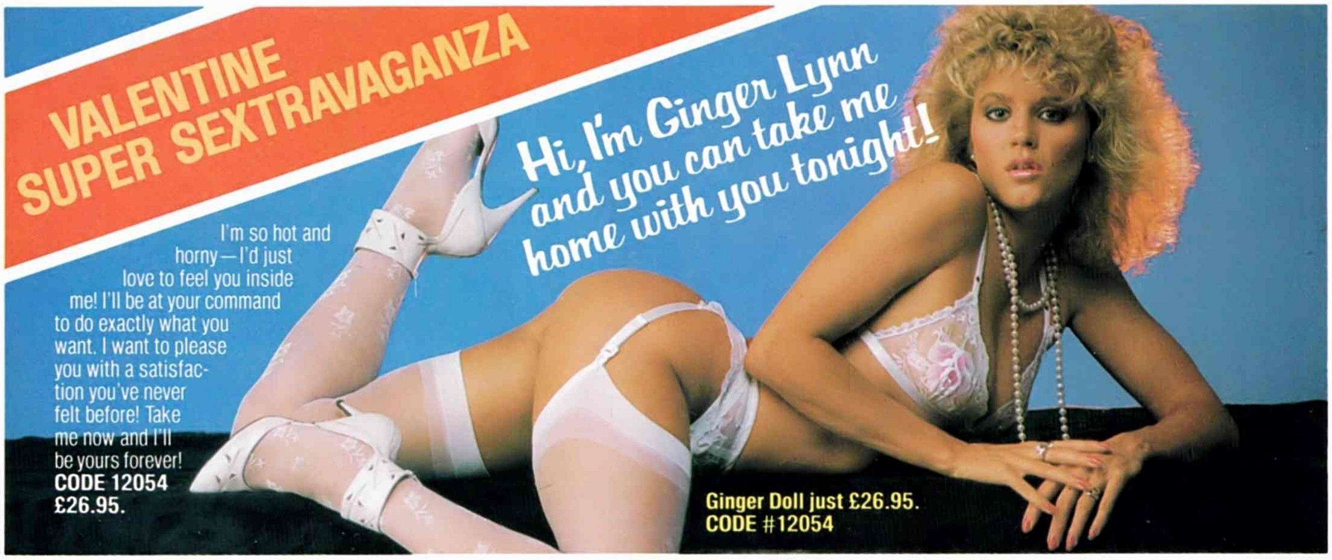

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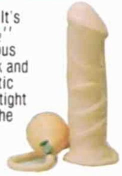

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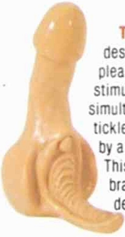

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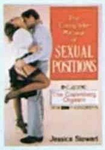

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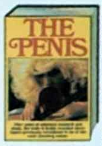

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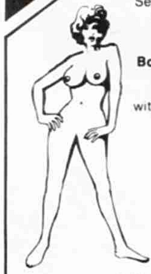

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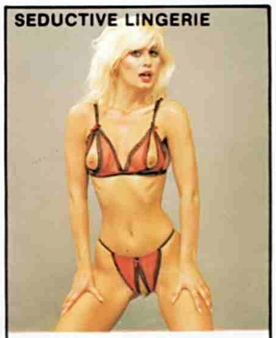

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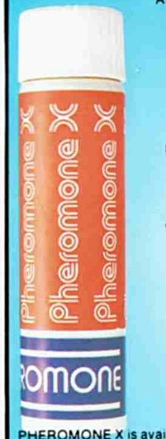

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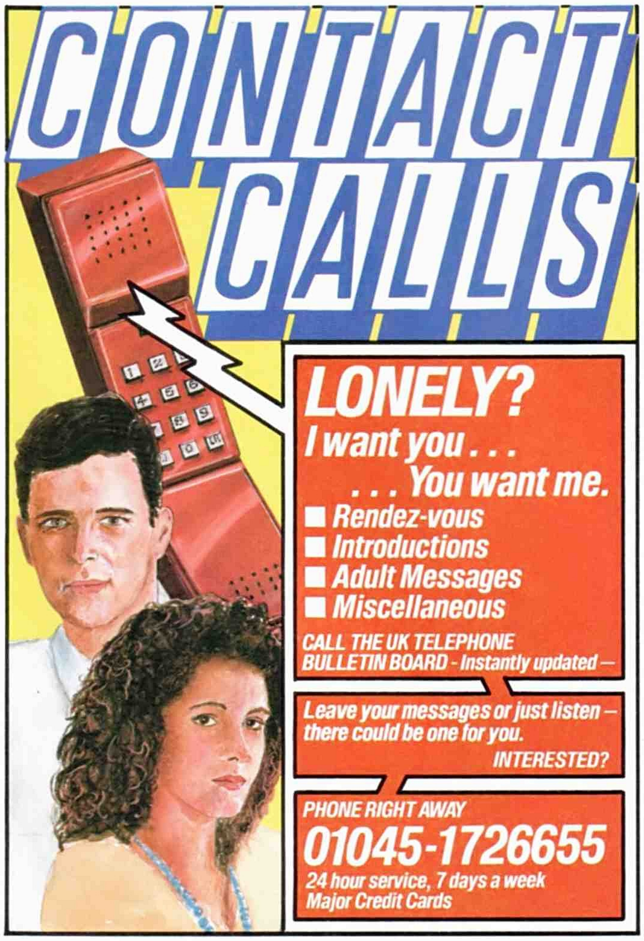

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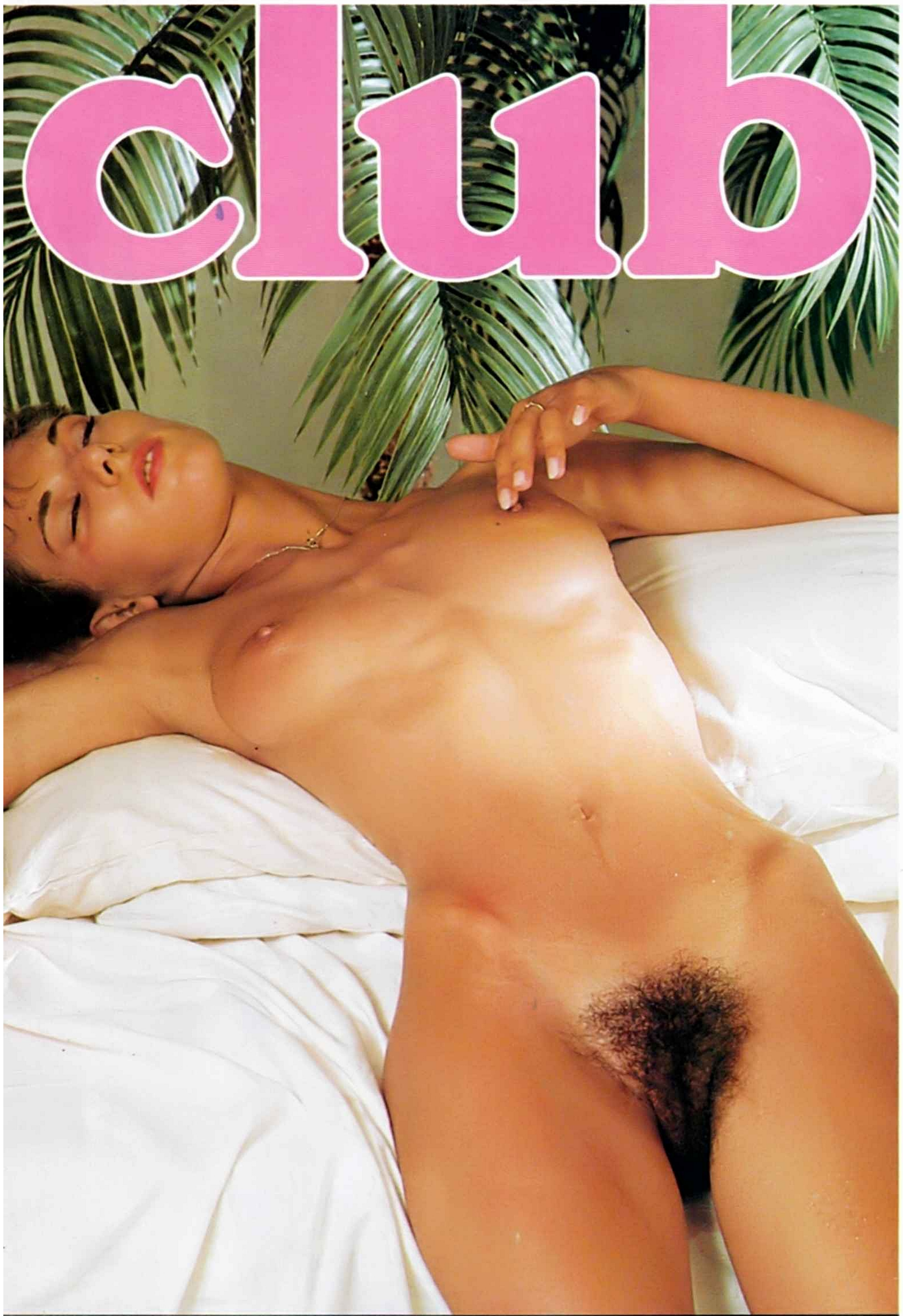


Right on the Button!

She is, we are, you will be. Because next month's Club International contains even *more* prime percy punishing pics than ever before – plus all those lecherous letters and ludicrous columns and crappy cartoons and all the other stuff we bung in in the desperate hope you'll enjoy something.

VOLUME 17 NUMBER 2. ON SALE FEBRUARY 4th.

IT'S REALLY VERY GOOD. HONEST.

IN·THE·BAG

continued from page 21

wracked with multiple orgasms, each one triggering another like a domino effect.

They seemed to last forever and I blacked out as I screamed in sheer delight and Sly caressed my breasts and whispered: "Don't fight the pleasure, Liz," which I had no intention of doing. Finally the last of my multiple orgasms subsided and we uncoupled and cuddled, both amazed but delighted at the power of our passion. "I just knew it would be good with us, Liz," Sly smiled, wiping sweat softly from my brow as I re-adjusted my stocking-tops. I was amazed to find them still unladdered, but the tops were soaked by my own juices.

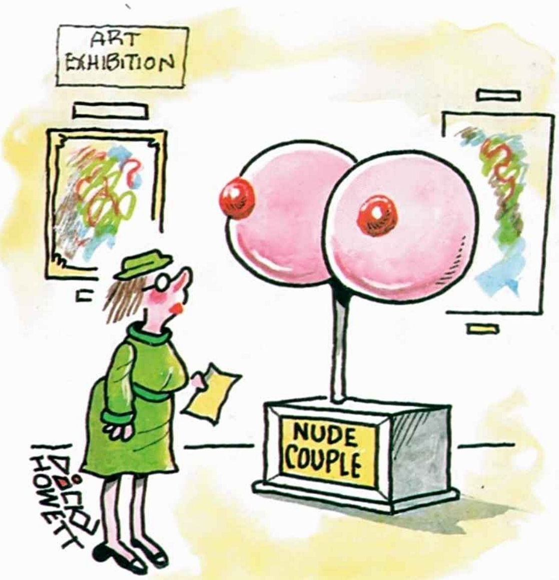
I smacked Sly's still-erect cock and became aware that now only his climax remained between us and a completely memorable sexual liaison. Boldly I walked to his big black leather armchair and kneeled on it, pointing my bottom upwards and outwards towards him. "Come on, big boy, fuck me and fill me with cum!" I growled and Sly was on me like a flash. He gripped my thighs and in one thrust gave me the full length and went straight into overdrive.

If anything, he felt deeper than ever in this position and his cockhead seemed so deep, I expected him to be in the back of my throat any second. I urged him on, begging for harder, faster and deeper thrusting and for his "lovely hot cum". Sly was not a selfish lover, though, and even as his own climax developed he gently caressed my thighs, buttocks and breasts to heighten my pleasure. Almost immediately I felt my climax arriving. I despaired of pleasing him for a moment, but Sly had the situation in complete control. Just as I came again, he buried his pole to full depth and I felt him jump inside me and begin to spurt. His loud howl drowned out my screams.

Now Sly and I are living together, and my Bobby curses the day he showed me the blue movie!!

My advice to all the ladies? Well, I say black lovers are larger, better and more imaginative. Thousands of satisfied girls cannot be wrong. – Liz, Birmingham

Well, is it true or not? We'd be happy if all our lady readers, black and white, would tell us if they agree with Liz – Ed. ♣



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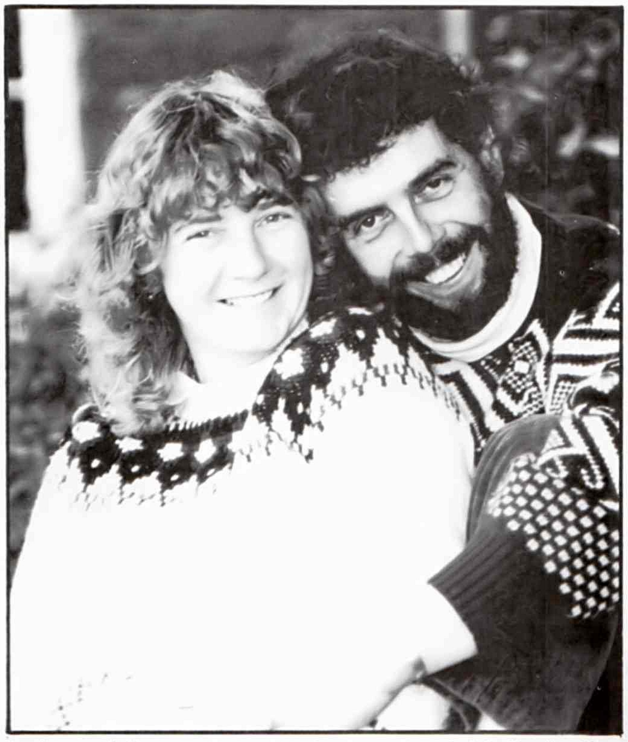

Lesley and Jon — *It's amazing how many people join Dateline 'for a laugh', but behind that lighthearted attitude there is nearly always the hope that it might lead to a special relationship. Lesley, a divorcee, didn't really think Dateline would be able to help her. Her children made it difficult for her to get out, but when she met Jon, a farmer, it was apparent to both of them that they were at the start of something long term. They were married in the autumn and are overjoyed at the turn their lives have taken.*

You too can find love

Over the years Dateline has been featured many times by press, radio and television and has been acclaimed by many thousands of clients who have found happiness through our services. If you are interested in learning how the UK's largest, longest established and most successful computer dating service can find love for you, complete this coupon and post it today to:

Dateline, 23 Abingdon Rd. London W8 6AH. Tel: 01 938 1011

Dateline is a member
of the Association
of British Introduction Agencies
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Lisa and Barry — *'If you are not meeting enough people join Dateline. It certainly worked for me' says Lisa. Barry's friends are very impressed he met someone so attractive. They were engaged within a few months. Lisa's sister has now joined 'looking for another Barry.'*

Pauline and Colin — *They had known each other for six weeks when Colin proposed, but they were certain Dateline had chosen well for them. 'We were made for each other.'*

Dateline *is simply the best!*

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COMPUTER TEST TO FIND YOUR IDEAL PARTNER

I am over seventeen and would like you to send me completely free, in confidence, and without obligation, a description of my ideal partner. Plus a free colour brochure and lots more information about Dateline. I enclose two first class stamps.

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☐ Extrovert
☐ Adventurous
☐ Family type
☐ Clothes conscious
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☐ Outdoor type
☐ Creative
☐ Practical
☐ Intellectual

2

Indicate which activities and interests you enjoy by placing a ✓ in the appropriate box. If you dislike a particular activity, put ✗. If you have no preference, leave the column blank.

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☐ Sport
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☐ Classical music
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☐ 'Live' theatre
☐ Science or Technology
☐ Creative writing/painting
☐ Poetry
☐ Philosophy/Psychology/Sociology
☐ History/Archeology
☐ Conversation

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Your Age yrs **Age you would like to meet** Min Max

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